THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Volume 172, No. 36 — Philadelphia, March 3, 1900 — 5 Cents the Copy; $2.50 the Year

Copyright, 1900, by The Curtis Publishing Company

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 421 ARCH STREET

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

A CRISIS IN CONGRESS

An Attempt *to* Expel *an* Ex-President *from the* HOUSE

By THOS. B. REED

A Crisis in Congress

By Thomas B. Reed

Copyright, 1900, by The Curtis Publishing Company

THE most exciting episode in the history of the House of Representatives happened in the last years of the reign of Andrew Jackson. It is worth rehearsing, not only for its own sake, but for some lessons suitable for consideration in our own times.

Democracy in its practical workings exhibits, from time to time, very strange incidents which are little to be anticipated by any foreknowledge we may have. One would have supposed, had we not had other experience, that the doctrines of liberty as carried out by a free people would lead to larger individual independence, to wider range of toleration and more freedom of action; but in our history the result has been otherwise, and the disposition to be intolerant has in many ways increased. Reliance upon numbers rather than upon strength of argument has grown with our growth. It is much to be hoped that this is only a temporary result, and that the dream of full and free expression of dissent from temporary popular opinions may become a working reality.

Our government is based in theory upon the control of all by the judgment of the majority. Rightly comprehended, this is a sound basis. Indeed it is the only basis possible in this world under any form of government. There is a voice of the people which is the voice of God, but not all voices are His, as the history of the world too often testifies. The deliberate judgment of the people, though it may not be sound for eternity, will, at least, do for the time. The sudden, unreflecting judgment, however, of the noisiest who are first heard is quite as often a voice from the under world, the voice of him who cometh "from going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it." Hence it is that every form of government is, and should be, a stronghold of conservatism, giving time for the people to reason, and opportunity to save themselves from being carried away by sudden clamor. No nation ought ever to be left to rush into war without counting, and being forced to count, the cost. There is no more pitiable thing that can be said by a great people at any time than the saying so often heard of in the life of many nations, "It was a foolish and wrong thing to be in, but we are in it and must go through." We have had in our own recent history examples not a few of the value of time for reflection, and we have been in that way saved from disasters almost too great to be borne.

Mr. Waddy Thompson presented this resolve

At the commencement of the great contest which ended in 1878 in the final defeat of "fiat money," the opinion of our people was very much in favor of the unlimited issue of greenbacks, and had there been a chance for the immediate expression of that opinion we should have been overwhelmed in the struggle, and might to-day be still wrestling with the problem of a debased currency. But thanks to the steadfastness of John Sherman and President Hayes, we passed the days of doubt and difficulty and had an opportunity for full discussion. The final judgment of the people turned out to be wise and good.

In like manner, after full discussion of the free coinage of silver, the time for which we largely owe to Cleveland, the people, contrary to their first inclinations, took different views and will soon embody them clearly in their statutes.

FOREBODING OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STRUGGLE

The year 1837 found slavery apparently most firmly entrenched. Public opinion was only just bestirring itself in a vague way among Quakers and wild and unreasoning persons. The people as a whole wanted quiet, and a chance to do business undisturbed. Wars of conquest in the interests of slavery went on. The area of the institution was extended, and slavery seemed and was prosperous; and then we paid the penalty, the mere echo of which still costs us $150,000,000 a year. Nevertheless, though the doomed institution waxed and grew great for a dozen years more, the year 1837 was the year when it was revealed to the discerning that the conflict between the doctrines on which this nation was founded—and which were recited in broad and glowing language in the Declaration of Independence—and that other doctrine that national growth in wealth and extent must be held to be superior to the right of self-government which belonged to man as man, was to force itself to the front as one of those questions that have no pity on the peace of nations or of mankind.

THE CHIEF ACTORS IN A FAMOUS SCENE

John Quincy Adams had been Minister to Russia and to England, Secretary of State and President of the United States, and had returned to public life, having accepted the place of member of Congress in the House of Representatives. Of his long and most remarkable career there is certainly no occasion to speak to the generation which has almost all passed from the stage, and the new generations have probably not forgotten the Old Man Eloquent. Almost all, if not all

the actors in the scene have so utterly passed away that they have to be described in order to give even half lights to the picture, and the materials for that are rapidly passing away.

The worst buffeted man in the arena in this debate was Waddy Thompson, of South Carolina, thirty-nine years old, citizen of a proud State, foremost on the side which was finally to fail. Thompson was a man of sense, and on subjects other than slavery was well grounded in the principles of liberty. To-day the citizens of his State can read good lessons of sound doctrine applicable to our days in Thompson's Recollections of Mexico, for he was afterward Minister to that country, and used his time to acquire knowledge and some wisdom.

Dixon H. Lewis, who went into action first, is hardly remembered now, except as a disorganizer of all ordinary weighing machines by the tremendous avoirdupois of 480 pounds. But notwithstanding this multitudinous envelopment of his soul, he was a gallant gentleman, ready once in a shipwreck to continue the peril of his life rather than risk the lives of others to save his own.

THE ATTITUDE OF SOUTHERN MEMBERS

Haynes, of Georgia, was in his third term in the House, and has no other distinguishing history. George C. Dromgoole was from Virginia, and was thought to be the brightest and shrewdest spirit on the slavery side, but his unfortunate phrase, "color to an idea," roused for a moment at least, under Adams' outpouring, the laughter of mankind.

First among the defenders of Adams was Caleb Cushing, whose career was as remarkable for its disappointments as for its honors. Diplomatist, lawyer, soldier, writer and orator, distinguished always, but seldom successful, he illustrated in his career the great rule, not often broken, that the highest talents are but failure when they are not coupled with steadfastness of purpose and a due fear of the Almighty.

Henry Clay said of George Evans, of Maine, that he knew more about the tariff than any other man in the country. Evans was then in the prime of life, the only man who ever attacked John Quincy Adams with impunity. He did it and went unscathed. Although the records of his participation in this debate are very imperfect, it is evident that he made many of the points which Adams afterward used so handsomely. Naturally, however, what was said draped itself about Adams, who had the right all through to be the central figure.

Adams had for many years contended for the right of petition, and there had been innumerable conflicts over the presentation of those petitions which related to slavery. There was much wild talk of the kind which usually surrounds a dangerous subject. According to the friends of slavery, the institution was never so commendable nor the slaves ever so happy. Wisdom was fully justified of her children. The case was clear; everybody was content. The huge pile of snow on the mountain side was so firmly fastened to its place that it could not fall. In fact, there was no snow there. Nevertheless, there was to be no whispering, not because it might bring down the avalanche, but because it was offensive to the slaveholder. The Southerners took the tone of gentlemen who had really, you know, reached the furthest verge of toleration. They would contend no longer. They would go home to their people. The responsibility was on the Northern Apologists, and even they, unless they bestirred themselves, would be treated with only distant politeness. This was "civil but visible impatience."

THE RIGHT OF PETITION DENIED

But Mr. Adams was not to be deterred. For two years he had hardly failed any day to present from one to a hundred petitions. Just a year before the scene to be described, a Committee of the House had been raised to consider this evil of petition, for if an institution could not exist, if talked about, there must be some way to stop the talk if the institution was to be maintained.

This committee reported, and the report was unanimous, that slavery could not be assailed in the United States, ought not to be assailed in the District of Columbia, and therefore, "finally" to arrest agitation, all memorials and petitions about slavery should

Mr. Cushing replied

An Attempt to Expel an Ex-President from the House

be laid on the table unprinted, unreferred, and there things should end. How strange that word "finally" looks now under the light of history! The report was adopted against the protest of Mr. Adams, who declared the last resolution to be a violation of the Constitution, the rules of the House and the rights of his constituents. Nevertheless, amid storms of reproaches, Adams daily presented his petitions.

On February 6, 1837, Mr. Adams, after going through with a number of petitions, hesitated and seemed about to resume his seat, but, instead, turned to the Speaker with a paper in his hand and said: "Mr. Speaker, I hold in my hand a paper on which, before it is presented, I desire to have the decision of the Speaker. It is a petition from twenty-two persons declaring themselves to be slaves. I wish to know whether the Speaker considers such a petition as coming within the order of the House. . . . I wish to do nothing except in submission to the rules of the House. . . . "

A SPARK IN THE PARLIAMENTARY TINDER

The Speaker was embarrassed, declared the proposition a novelty, and left it to the House to decide.

The visible excitement of the Speaker attracted the attention of Dixon H. Lewis, who demanded to know the nature of the petition, and when told, burst into language involving at least one of the specifications of the great Saxon oath. Other gentlemen joined the cry and proclaimed treason, shouted "put him out," "old scoundrel," and the like. Mr. Haynes, of Georgia, took the floor and expressed his astonishment. It was a grave and dignified astonishment which grew on him as he spoke. Mr. Alford, of Georgia, proposed to burn the petition, and expected everybody to help him.

Thereupon Mr. Waddy Thompson, leaving out of sight, as did all the rest of them, the question really before the House—which was what the Speaker should do with the petition proposed to be offered—presented this resolve:

> "That the Hon. John Quincy Adams, by the attempt just made by him to introduce a petition purporting on its face to be from slaves, has been guilty of a gross disrespect to the House, and that he be instantly brought to the bar to receive the severe censure of the Speaker."

Dixon H. Lewis, who went into action

In order to make quite clear the wild and senseless rage that filled the multitude which Mr. Thompson tried to represent, he proceeded to threaten Mr. Adams in addition with condign punishment by the juries and grand juries of the District of Columbia for words spoken in debate in the House of Representatives.

When Mr. Thompson had said his say, Mr. Haynes, of Georgia, who had been almost the first to have his feelings stirred, proposed as a substitute:

> "That John Quincy Adams, a Representative from the State of Massachusetts, has rendered himself liable to the severest censure of the House, and is censured accordingly, for having attempted to present to the House the petition of slaves."

This was met by cries of "No! No!" "Let him be brought to the bar," and was not accepted.

ANOTHER RESOLUTION OF CENSURE

Then Mr. Dixon H. Lewis appeared again upon the scene, and offered as a change, which Mr. Thompson accepted:

> "Resolved, that John Quincy Adams, by his attempt to introduce into this House a petition from slaves for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, committed an outrage on the rights and feelings of a large portion of the people of this Union, a flagrant contempt on the dignity of this House; and by extending to slaves a privilege only belonging to freemen, directly invites the slave population to insurrection, and that the said member be forthwith called to the bar of the House, and be censured by the Speaker."

After Mr. Lewis had declined to argue, and threatened that if this kind of thing were not suppressed he and the Southerners would go home, Mr. Adams arose and suggested that even if they proposed to censure him, it would be worth while to amend the resolution by striking out all the statements of fact, since he had not presented the petition at all; that the petition was not for the abolition, but for the continuance of slavery.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth paper in a series of articles by Thomas B. Reed. Other papers by Mr. Reed will appear in early issues of The Saturday Evening Post.

Then arose Mr. Mann, of New York, and gave Mr. Adams a discourse of the regretful sort, in which he wished to "pause and contemplate" how it was possible that a good man should behave so badly, grieving thus from day to day the judicious who desired peace and quiet only. Then he advised calmness; but Mr. Waddy Thompson declined to be calm. He thought Mr. Adams' conduct savored of levity, which only heightened the offense, and refused to be comforted except by new resolutions which read this way:

"1. Resolved, that the Hon. John Q. Adams, by an effort to present a petition from slaves, has committed a gross contempt of this House.

"2. Resolved, that the member from Massachusetts above named, by creating the impression and leaving the House under such impression, that the said petition was for the abolition of slavery when he knew it was not, has trifled with the House.

"3. Resolved, that the Hon. John Q. Adams receive the censure of the House for his conduct referred to in the preceding resolutions."

The House then adjourned, and, both bodies of the Congress being engaged in counting the Presidential votes, two days were had for reflection.

DROMGOOLE'S UNFORTUNATE PHRASE

Thus far the battle had not been on the side of the strongest battalions, so the reserves were ordered up, and after Mr. Adams had been asked to restate his view of the case, which he did in much the same fashion as before, Mr. George C. Dromgoole, of Virginia, thought to be the most skillful man in the House for that purpose, offered still another set of resolutions, declaring, however, that he preferred action on a question of this kind rather than debate. Mr. Thompson accepted the new resolution:

"That the Hon. John Quincy Adams, a member of this House, by stating in his place that he had in his possession a paper purporting to be a petition from slaves, and inquiring if it came within the meaning of a resolution heretofore adopted (as preliminary to its presentation), has given color to the idea that slaves have the right of petition and of his readiness to be their organ; and that for the same he deserves the censure of this House.

"Resolved, that the aforesaid John Q. Adams receive a censure from the Speaker in the presence of the House of Representatives."

Mr. Elmore, of South Carolina, trusted there was no intention of arguing this subject, but a united South would suppress all differences.

But there was really too much sense left in the South and differences began to appear, opening gaps too wide apart to be bridged over. Mr. Lawler, of Alabama, appealed to Mr. Adams to retract his action, his explanation not being satisfactory, and Mr. Robertson, of Virginia, after alluding to the exciting and stormy debate and characterizing the conduct of the gentleman from Massachusetts as extraordinary, declared himself opposed to the resolution because it was against the freedom of action due to a member of a legislative body. Then Mr. Alford, of Georgia, closed his line of discourse by declaring that the Southern men, so far from going home, would never "desert Washington until this fair city is a field of Waterloo, and this beautiful Potomac a river of blood."

—Mr. Patton proposed these resolutions

To this Mr. Cushing replied in a speech well remembered in our schoolboy days as one of the favorite declamations during the period when liberty seemed a blessing worth more than commerce and greater than empire. He rejoiced that he was descended from a race of king-killing Roundheads, and declared that if opinions on the side of liberty were maintained, it was because they were elemental, lying at the very bottom of the political institutions of the country, and if it were charged that they were more strongly held in New England than elsewhere, he would not deny it. "Deny it," he exclaimed, "I glory in the fact." Had Cushing lived his whole life on the level of that speech, he would have a loftier place than he won as diplomatist or lawyer.

THE OPPOSITION BEGINS TO WAVER

Cushing's declaration that the right of petition was elemental and above all laws and all constitutions was answered by French, of Kentucky, who announced his determination to vote against Adams, despite his respect for his achievements and character. To French, George Evans replied, and showed how vague all the proposed resolutions were, how little foundation they seemed to have as charges of violation either of rules or law; that if anti-slavery petitions did sometimes overstep the limits of brotherly tenderness, they had precedents, for the language had been borrowed from Virginia. Here Mr. Patton, as Evans proposed to cite proof, appealed to the chair to confine the debate, and Mr. Evans declined to continue, though the House voted that he might go on. Nobody quite dared to be responsible for a discussion of slavery itself.

The next time the matter came up, the Dromgoole resolution being still to the front, another effort was made to get the censure into some sort of shape, and Bynam, of North Carolina, tried his hand, offering as a substitute:

"Resolved, that the attempt to present any petition or memorial from any slave or slaves or free negro from any part of the Union is a contempt of the House and calculated to embroil it in a strife and confusion incompatible with the dignity of the body, and that any member guilty of the same justly subjects himself to the censure of the House.

"Resolved, that a committee be appointed to inquire into the fact whether any such attempt has been made by any member of this House, and report the same to the House as soon as practicable."

This was a frightful confession of defeat, and Adams must have hailed that flinching on the part of his enemies who so short a time ago proclaimed their certainty of two-thirds wherewith to expel him, if need be, with the grim satisfaction such a warrior has when he sees in a wavering enemy the assurance of victory.

PATTON'S ATTEMPT AT GRACEFUL RETREAT

Then Patton, of Virginia, afterward a judge of high repute, offered still another resolution, to enable his people now to get thoroughly away from the whole matter and yet leave themselves some faint self-respect. But it was of no manner of use. When Ursa Major has you in his full embrace, especially after he has been baited a few days, prayer or ribs of steel is the only hope.

But it seemed a chance, and Mr. Patton proposed these resolutions, three in number:

"Resolved, that the right of petition does not belong to the slaves of this Union; that no petition from them can be presented to this House without derogating from the rights of the slaveholding States and endangering the integrity of the Union.

"Resolved, that every member who shall hereafter present any such petition to this House ought to be considered as regardless of the feelings of this House, the rights of the South and an enemy to the Union.

"Resolved, that the Hon. John Q. Adams having solemnly disclaimed a design of doing anything disrespectful to the House, in the inquiry he made of the Speaker as to the petition purporting to be from slaves, and having avowed his intention not to present the petition if the House were of the opinion that it ought not to be presented, therefore all further proceedings as to his conduct shall now cease."

Even this did not suit Mr. Patton himself, and so he abandoned the first resolution, and changed the second. Then the enemy broke and tried to flee, but even that poor grace was denied them; for when somebody moved to lay the whole matter on the table, Mr. Adams protested that they must hear him first. Then the previous question was moved, but Mr. Adams reminded the members that they had not yet heard him. Though this was the last thing on earth that they wanted to do, they could not, in the face of all the world, after badgering an old man of his high antecedents for three days, refuse him the privilege of reply. You can fancy the scene. It must have been a most uneasy crowd. No mere words could paint the faces of the actors as they each in his turn awaited their due punishment.

MR. ADAMS ON THE RIGHT OF PETITION

"The proposition," said Mr. Adams, "which I will ever maintain is that the sacred right of petition, of begging for mercy, as it does not depend upon condition, so also does it not depend upon character. It is a right which cannot be denied to the poorest, the humblest and the most wretched; and, moreover, it is a right which cannot be refused to the most vile, the most abandoned or the most infamous."

When he uttered those words there was not one man in that audience who did not know that he had spoken the fundamental, elemental truth which cements together the whole human race.

Then he depicted the mob of resolutions that had rained upon him from all quarters of the sky. "The object of all these varied resolutions," he said, "is to pass censure, either direct or implied, upon myself, for having asked a simple question of the Speaker. All these remind me of what Dame Quickly says: 'By my troth, Captain, these are very bitter words.' Yes, sir, they all contained bitter words against me."

Then he took Dromgoole on his horns. "The object of the resolution of the gentleman from Virginia was, I believe, to charge me with 'giving color to an idea.' 'Color to an idea,'" he repeated, as if communing with himself. Thereupon the House burst into wild laughter, glad of the relief from the fury of the other attacks, and the resolution of Dromgoole went the way of all the earth, and was seen no more except as Mr. Adams would from time to time repeat the words "color to an idea."

From this he passed to Waddy Thompson's threat of the Grand Jury of the District of Columbia, and in order to make the outburst which followed more impressive, he read to Mr. Thompson his own astonishing remarks from the National Intelligencer, and asked him if he had been correctly reported and still held those views. From Mr. Thompson's reply it is hard to understand whether he realized what he had been saying, for, after some vague mitigations of his words, he proclaimed that such was the law of South Carolina. Then Mr. Adams exclaimed: "Yes, sir, he would make a member of this House amenable to a grand jury! Such being the case, I would beg to invite that gentleman when he goes home to study a little the first principles of civil liberty." Those principles Mr. Adams then pointed out, and showed what would be the condition of the Legislature dominated by the appointees of the Executive in the District.

Dromgoole, of Virginia, declaring that he preferred action

MR. ADAMS' SPLENDID SPEECH

Then Henry A. Wise, afterward the famous Governor of Virginia, interrupted him to declare his entire acquiescence, and his disgust at the possibility of having not only the House and the Senate under Jackson's dictation, but every individual member of both houses also; for the Executive would appoint the marshal and the marshal would select the juries.

When he finished, Adams resumed, and returned to Waddy Thompson. "If a member of the Legislature of South Carolina is made amenable for words spoken in debate, not only to the Legislature, but also to the grand and petit jury—if that, sir, is the law of South Carolina, then I thank God I am not a citizen of South Carolina!" And there was then "great agitation;" for in those days a "State" was to be mentioned with fear and reverence. Before Adams got through, everybody was explaining and got about as much satisfaction as did Mr. Waddy Thompson himself.

For the better part of an hour Mr. Adams discussed the right of members to complete independence of action, owing nothing to anybody but the House itself, having no master but the body to which they belonged. He illustrated by scenes from English history how different a free parliament was from what it would have been under the surveillance of the juries of Westminster.

A BAD QUARTER HOUR FOR THE RESOLUTIONISTS

That must have been a lonesome hour for Mr. Thompson and his friends.

When Mr. Adams had finished with individuals, he began on the resolutions which had survived the shock. The first was not to be thought of, because, instead of enabling him to get an answer to his question still pending, it took up an imaginary Congressman and proceeded to censure him before his time, thus interfering for all time with the liberties of the member and the rights of the House, keeping men under the tension of threatened rebuke, to the great injury of their courage and devotion to duty.

As to the remaining resolution, he asked the House "as a right" not to pass it, for it put him in the position which he had never assumed, the position of having done something wrong and of having saved himself by timely disclaimer; that he had done nothing which required forgiveness, and declined to be forgiven.

"While I totally disclaim any intention of trifling with the House; while I totally disclaim any purpose of offending or provoking any of the members of this House, sir, at the same time, I disclaim not any particle of what I have done, not a single word of what I have said do I unsay; nay, I am ready to do and to say the same again to-morrow."

Then, to finish the debate and his assailants also, he reminded the House that he had his question still unanswered, and it was for asking that question that he was to be punished, yet if he was guilty of offense the Speaker must be much more guilty.

THE END OF THE THREE DAYS' BATTLE

"If I am to be indicted before the Grand Jury as a felon and an incendiary, the Speaker must be indicted along with me, for asking the advice of the House on the question, which he put to it. I only put the question to the Speaker, but the Speaker put the question to the House."

—he reminded the House that he had his question still unanswered

Then the resolutions were voted on. Both of them were defeated and the House went to other business.

I need not say that no attempt has been made, or could be thought of, to condense Mr. Adams' speech. Only a few extracts have been given, more to excite a desire to read the whole than to try to portray what he said.

Just look for a moment at the preposterousness of the three days' battle. A member of the House asks the Speaker if he can, under the rules, present a paper. The Speaker says he does not know, but will consult the House, whereupon that body bursts into oratory and resolutions for three days and never once seems to know what it is doing. Of course, the cause of the agitation, the underlying trouble which nobody quite dared to allude to, was the question of slavery. On that subject, everybody was trying to hush everybody else, and make believe that peace was assured, if only everybody could be kept quiet. But such a peace can never be assured. Whenever in a republic free discussion is refused, whether suppressed by law or by public terrorism, you may be sure that some wrong exists which must be destroyed or will destroy the republic.

In the Order of Providence

By Joel Chandler Harris

Copyright, 1900, by The Curtis Publishing Company

IT IS impossible for the present generation to realize the nature and extent of the wound inflicted on the Southern people of that day by the surrender of Lee's Army in 1865; and assuredly it is beyond description. No historian will ever be able to explain it or make its characteristics manifest to the modern mind. It is fortunate, perhaps, that this is so. A population can go through such an experience but once in its history. No disaster that might overtake us now could match that which marked the defeat and dissolution of the Confederate Army. And the reason lies on the surface: it is an experience that makes provision against itself. On the tender hand unused to labor a blister is succeeded by a callous, and so it is with the heart. Sensibilities cruelly wounded and torn can never again respond as sharply and as keenly to the pangs of misfortune and disappointment. One journey through the furnace of despair gives a long vacation to those qualities that are as rare and as fine as the rainbow sheen on a piece of silk—as restless and as vivid. And there is something grievous and uncomfortable in the consolation that time offers, for qualities thus consumed will hardly be missed save by those who have been witnesses to the beauty and perfection of their play, and who knew their import.

The miracle of dissolution happened. The earthquake arose, shook itself, yawned and fell back into its abyss, carrying with it the whole structure and fabric of a newly formed government and the dearest hopes of those who had contributed to its upbuilding. Hundreds of men and women never recovered from the shock. Some of them pined away and died; others lived on, as it were, in a dream; while still others, cast in an adventurous mould, betook themselves into self-imposed exile.

Among these exiles was Colonel Fontaine Flournoy, who had risked his life on many fields and in divers ways in behalf of the Confederacy. Some of the undertakings in which he engaged were such as most men shrank from, but he, as his name implied, came from a family given over to valorous deeds and romantic adventures; for this name comes down from the days of chivalry, when the Knight of the Black Flower (*Fleur Noire*) made his *nom de guerre* so famous that it usurped the place of the family surname.

Taking all these things into consideration, it is small wonder that Colonel Flournoy considered himself an exile and a wanderer—a man without a country—from the moment that Lee surrendered his army. He was an officer in the Confederate Army on detached service. Two weeks before the surrender he was in New York City; a week afterward he was piloting the remnants of the Confederate Government southward, and lending active assistance in guarding the treasure which was carried along with it.

At Washington, in Wilkes County, Georgia, this treasure was divided, and an amount sufficiently large fell to Colonel Flournoy's share to enable him to carry out his purposes. He pushed on to Middle Georgia, where his home was, made provision for the wants of his wife and son, a lad of sixteen, bade them good-by, and, with General Toombs for a companion, made his way to the Florida coast. Here the two Confederates parted company. Toombs went to Europe, while Flournoy went to Cuba, and from that island found his way to South America.

His adventures in those queer Republics, seething with revolutions, rebellions and riots, were numerous enough to fill a book of romance; but it is sufficient to say that in the course of five years he returned home with a fortune considerably larger than the one which war had taken from him. He returned bent on enjoying a life of elegant ease after his turbulent career. But the best part of his vigor was spent. To sustain himself in the Civil War, and in the South American troubles, where he had seated and unseated more than one government, he had been compelled to employ the store of energy that should have been reserved for old age to draw upon. He had enjoyed the companionship of his family and his friends not more than a year when he fell a victim to a disease the seeds of which he had brought with him from the tropical swamps and jungles where his later campaigns had carried him.

It need not be said that the death of Colonel Flournoy occasioned deep grief to all who knew him. Where his personal friendship had not an opportunity to go his gentle courtesy went, and even those who had been made the object of one of his casual salutations regarded him thereafter as something more than an acquaintance. His obsequies were very imposing by reason of the multitude of people that gathered together to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of the most notable private citizen of Middle Georgia.

So far as Colonel Flournoy's immediate neighbors were concerned, there was one disclosure following hard upon the heels of the funeral discourse (delivered with such genuine feeling and simple eloquence by Rev. Sampson White) that for a time stopped the mouth of friendly reminiscence and put curiosity on tiptoe. It had been the Colonel's wish that, after all had been said over his remains that grief could suggest or friendship devise, his last will and testament should be opened and read in the presence of his neighbors before they had dispersed. It was a whim, perhaps, but it was of a piece with the openness and candor of the man.

The duty of reading the will devolved on Judge Vardeman, a close friend of the family, and his sonorous voice rang out even more effectively than had the soft and persuasive tones of Rev. Sampson White, so much so that Mrs. Betsey Nicklin contended as long as she lived that it would have been better and more helpful in every way if the Judge had preached the sermon, leaving the preacher to read the legal document. Colonel Flournoy was very rich, and it was known beforehand that he intended to add to the endowments of various charitable institutions, and to leave legacies to a number of his friends, but the bequest which gave a fillip to curiosity and left a large field in which gossip and inquisitiveness might play was as follows:

"And remembering with constant and increasing affection the services rendered to me personally and to the sacred cause in which the Southern people had embarked by my dear friend, Lawrence McCarthy, who, from May 1, 1862, to April 30, 1865, acted as head waiter of the New York Hotel in New York City, I do hereby will, devise and bequeath to him, his heirs and assigns forever, the house and lot known as the Pearson Place and the plantation lying contiguous thereto, the said lot and contiguous plantation being fully described in the deeds marked F and G; and in addition to this bequest and devisement I do hereby make it the duty of my executors hereinafter named to pay into the hands of the aforesaid Lawrence McCarthy, or his surviving heirs if he have any, the sum of ten thousand ($10,000) dollars in cash, the same to be paid on the eve of the Christmas next ensuing after my death. And I hereby make it the duty of my son, Francis Flournoy, to seek out the aforesaid Lawrence McCarthy, or his heirs if he be dead, and I lay it upon him as a solemn charge to be diligent and zealous in all ways in carrying out the terms of this clause of my last will and testament; all incurred expenses to be paid equally out of each share of my estate save that which is herein set apart for the benefit and behoof of the said Lawrence McCarthy, his heirs and assigns."

Now, assuredly here was matter for gossip to busy itself about, for the Pearson Place was marked by one of the most elaborate and best-preserved specimens of Colonial architecture to be found "south of the Jeems River," as the saying is. The site was commanding, and, rising two and a half stories, the old structure seemed to take a certain grandeur from its surroundings. The plantation attached to it and made part of the bequest comprised not less than four hundred acres of the richest land in a county noted for the fertility of its soil.

And this historic old house and this splendid plantation were to fall into the hands of a total stranger—a man whom Rockville had never heard of, and a Yankee at that; not only a Yankee, but a hotel waiter!

Mrs. Betsey Nicklin, who was the mouthpiece of a great many people less outspoken than she, could make neither head nor tail to the devisement. She said as much to her husband when the two had returned home from the funeral.

"I've been knowin' Fountain Flournoy more'n forty year," she said, "and if anybody had 'a' up and told me that he'd wind up his business wi' sech doin's as that I'd 'a' felt like knockin' 'em down. But I'm not a bit surprised—not a bit. There never was a better man, I'll say that much; but Fountain was a man, and there never was a man that didn't have a screw loose some'rs. Some are too lazy to show it, and some die before they git a chance; but if they ain't shiftless and live long enough, they'll show a weak spot."

"Some on 'em show it when they git married," said Mr. Nicklin.

"You'd 'a' show'd it if I'd 'a' let you," responded Mrs. Betsey. "You know as well as I do, Wesley, that if it hadn't 'a' been for me you'd 'a' married old Moll Coy, and what would you 'a' looked like now?"

"Well, I ain't so mighty certain, Betsey, that I look one whit better than Martin Coy. I met 'im t'other night roamin' about in the moonlight, and whilst he wouldn't speak when spoken to, I don't know but what he looked every bit and grain as good as arry other man in the county. He had on his Sunday duds, for one thing."

"You didn't tell me about it, Wesley," Mrs. Nicklin declared with some asperity.

"You didn't ax me to," her spouse responded.

She gave him what she called a "look"; it was one of her methods of crushing her opponents. Mr. Nicklin didn't wither as he might have been expected to do. One reason was that he was a man past middle age; another reason was that he was at that moment engaged in grinding some dry tobacco cuttings between the hard palms of his strong hands to fit them for service in his pipe.

"Where did you see him, Wesley?" Mrs. Nicklin inquired. Her tone was imperative, as it always was when she desired to attract her husband's undivided attention.

"See who, Betsey? Oh—Martin Coy; why, I seed 'im comin' out'n Colonel Flournoy's front gate. 'Twas the night the Colonel died."

"You reckon he killed him? He's none too good to do it," declared Mrs. Nicklin.

Her husband turned upon her with amazement in his face.

"Why, Betsey!" he declared, "you'll let your tongue run on till you have a lie-bill took out again' you; and when that's done don't you run to me for to bail you out. No; I'll let the law take its course."

"Tipsy, topsy, toddle; dolly broke its noddle!" cried Mrs. Nicklin sarcastically. "When did I ever run to you to get me out of trouble?"

"Why, when you sent me word that you had set your cap for me," replied Mr. Nicklin promptly.

DRAWN BY C. D. WILLIAMS —WHO WERE SOCIALLY INCLINED, MET AT THE PEARSON PLACE

Whereupon his wife indulged in a fit of hearty laughter, remarking: "If there ever was a goose in this world, I got him when I got you."

"You've tried hard to be the gander, Betsy," said Mr. Nicklin, as he lit his pipe and began to smoke with an air of supreme contentment.

This couple seemed to be engaged in a chronic quarrel from year's end to year's end, and yet they had never had a serious misunderstanding, and were happy in each other's company.

"Well," said Mrs. Nicklin, trying hard to snap thumb and finger, "I wouldn't give *that* for old Martin Coy and all the lie-bills he could fetch in again' me betwixt Christmas and Christmas; but I'd give a purty to know how come Fountain Flournoy to have sech a mortal weakness for a Yankee, and a hotel waiter at that. That's what pesters me."

To tell the truth, it pestered a good many people in Middle Georgia when they heard of it; but when young Francis Flournoy, carrying out the duty laid upon him by his father's will, had found Lawrence McCarthy in Brooklyn, where he was living with his daughter Nora in very modest circumstances, and had installed this interesting family in their new home, the public mind of the neighborhood was no longer pestered about it.

The first to call was Judge Vardeman.

The Judge's driver said afterward that "Marse Walton seed de yuther man walkin' 'bout un' de trees an' he went whar he wuz, an' den he fotch a yell, an' dey bofe grab one anudder 'roun' de neck, an' dar dey had it. Right at fust I 'low'd dey wuz fightin', an' I come mighty nigh hollerin' fer somebody ter run an' part um; but I soon seed dey wuz howdyin'. An' sech howdyin'! Man, suh! 'twuz ex de meetin' er two sisters arter so long a time."

And, in fact, the two men had been comrades and messmates in the earliest campaigns in the West. In following Forrest out of Fort Donelson on the night of February 15, 1862, they became separated, and never met again until Judge Vardeman, moved more by curiosity than by neighborly feelings, called to pay his respects to the new owner of the Pearson Place.

"Why, Larry!" he cried, still keeping his hand on his old comrade's shoulder, "it's all over the county that you're a hotel waiter, and I came over to see how a waiter would look as a landed proprietor. My dear friend, if you only knew how glad I am to see you after all these years!"

"There's no need to say it, Walton; I judge your feelings by my own. For my part, I can truly say that God is merciful as well as bountiful. Yonder is Nora, my little girl; she'll be glad to see her father's old friend."

He called, and Nora came running; and, whether he was influenced by his surroundings or whether his eyes told him the simple truth, Judge Vardeman thought he had never seen so charming a girl as Nora McCarthy. Her hair was glossy black, her eyes were gray or blue, as the light fell on them, and the rose tints flowed faintly or radiantly in response to her emotions. The play of her features was wonderful to see, and each movement of her body, every gesture of her white hands, rhymed to the artless grace and innocence of youth. In repose her countenance gave out those inscrutable, indescribable suggestions of old songs and old romances that are to be found in the ideal portraits painted by the great masters. Having a mind sensitive to impressions of this sort, the grave Judge caught himself sighing even as he smiled. He felt irresistibly drawn to this beautiful girl, who, although she had reached the years of young womanhood, was still a girl, in whom a dash of waywardness seemed nothing more than sprightliness. Happy are those whose light faults flutter toward beauty and graciousness!

Well, Captain Lawrence McCarthy being duly installed in his possessions, it was not long before all his neighbors had an inkling of his somewhat romantic career, of the risks he had run, and the devotion he had shown to the Confederate cause. He thoroughly enjoyed his new life, and he began at once to apply to the management of his plantation the methodical skill and unerring judgment which enabled him to manipulate men and create opportunities as the manager of the secret service of the Confederacy in New York. In short, he was conspicuously successful as a farmer because he knew how to manage men, because he had the art of inspiring them with his own tireless energy.

As he was a man who loved company and knew how to entertain his guests, his home soon became a social centre. Whatever training as a hostess his daughter Nora lacked was more than compensated for by her sweetness and simplicity. She knew how to be natural, and it is a great gift in man or woman. She had a fine voice, and performed on the harp. Hardly an evening passed that Judge Vardeman was not to be found at the Pearson Place, and his example was soon followed by the choicer spirits of the village.

At least once, and sometimes twice, a week all the men and women, as well as the boys and girls, who were socially inclined, met at the Pearson Place, and at such times the youngsters usually had a frolic. So that it happened that in all that region Captain McCarthy's house was the only one in which old-fashioned hospitality was revived and put to its finer uses. The young people had the spacious parlor and the wide dining-room in which to dance and play the innocent games that lead to love-making, while their elders had the library, or, in fine weather, the wide veranda. For amusement there was whist or cribbage, but those who once got a taste of Captain McCarthy's reminiscences, or heard one of Judge Vardeman's stories, preferred to sit where these two were conversing, or to linger within earshot.

On one occasion, Nora touched young Flournoy's coat-sleeve, remarking: "Do you want to hear something about your father?" All the young people followed the two and listened to the story that has already been told—the story of Why the Confederacy Failed.

"I RECKON YOU'RE A NEW MAN IN THESE PARTS"

"I still have the gold piece he sent me," said Nora proudly, shaking her bracelet under Flournoy's eyes. The young man thought that the arm on which the bracelet glistened was the fairest and most beautiful to be found in the world.

"I think you left out one of the portents," remarked Judge Vardeman.

"For instance?" inquired the Captain.

"Fort Donelson," said the Judge. "We were both there."

"Upon my word, you are correct, Walton. Never before did an army, measurably victorious, surrender so tamely. You remember the rage of Forrest?"

"I do," replied Judge Vardeman laughing. "A part of it fell on me. I had been his courier during the day, and he came roaring to his headquarters like a wounded lion. He cried out to those who could hear him: 'Do you, and you, and you'—calling their names—'go and wake up every man in my command! And you, too, sir,' he yelled at me; 'and if you ain't quick about it I'll break me a hickory and flail the life out of you!' But there was no need to hurry. The enemy was camping out of hearing, expecting to be attacked. Forrest's whole command, and many others who had no stomach for prison life, marched out of the fort, and not a Federal was to be seen."

"I heard of the proposed surrender about daylight," said Captain McCarthy, "and with half a dozen others made my way out. I was not three-quarters of a mile away when I heard Buckner's bugler sounding a truce. Yes, my friend, you are right. Fort Donelson belongs high up in the list of portents. But for that surrender, Grant would never have been heard of again. His enemies at Washington were preparing to make the final move that would have swept him into obscurity. But when Providence arranges a program it is not for mortals to disturb it."

"That is so true," remarked Judge Vardeman gravely, "that mere words fall short of describing it."

"Yes," responded McCarthy, "it is true of the most trivial events, but it is only when the issues are large that we can put our fingers on the connecting links in this vast chain." He paused and looked forth across the fields of night in which the stars were blooming, sighed, and continued:

"I remember the occasion when but for a most trifling accident—we call such things accidents, though we have no right to—a life of inestimable value to the whole country might have been saved."

Captain McCarthy arose from his chair, walked to the farther end of the veranda, and then came slowly back, his head bent and his hands behind him. He did not resume his seat, but moved about in a small space in front of the older men in the company, while the young people were grouped in the door of the wide hallway, or sat upon the low railing that ran around the veranda.

"You never met John Omahundro?" remarked the Captain to Judge Vardeman.

"I never did, but I heard General Dabney Maury giving Forrest an account of him. Forrest's comment was that if he thought he could get Omahundro he'd take a week off and go after him."

"Well, John Omahundro has gone on the stage since the war, and now calls himself 'Texas Jack,'" said Captain McCarthy, whereat there was considerable excitement among the young folks, for some of them had seen "Texas Jack" and "Buffalo Bill" when they performed in their lurid melodrama of the Wild West in Macon. Some of the young ladies, especially, remembered "Texas Jack" as perhaps the handsomest and most dashing hero they had ever seen on the stage. They remembered, too, that he had long black hair that fell in curls about his shoulders, and the loveliest mustache possible to man; and he was tall—as tall as a grenadier.

Captain McCarthy listened to this enumeration of Omahundro's attractions with a smile, and then continued:

"Well, he was a very handsome lad when I knew him. But his hair was too short to curl, and he had no mustache. In fact, the first time I saw him he was about as droll a specimen of the country cracker as I ever laid eyes on. He wore brogans of undressed leather, his copperas-colored breeches were short enough to show his woolen socks, and, as the day was warm, he carried his jeans coat on his arm—which enabled all who glanced at the droll figure to see that he had but one suspender, and that made of twine. His wool hat had seen service so long that it was as limber as a dish-rag. He was driving a rugged-looking mule to a small cart which contained fresh vegetables, a basket of eggs, and a few chickens. He was chewing a straw, and his face wore a most woebegone expression. He walked with a slight limp, and this circumstance, simple as it was, preserved the figure from exaggeration. You knew at once that here was a droll specimen of the poor white common to all parts of our common country, as familiar to Maryland, Virginia and Pennsylvania as it is to Georgia and Florida, or to Maine or Vermont."

"You saw him, then," suggested Judge Vardeman, "in his native surroundings before circumstances had combined to develop——"

"No," replied Captain McCarthy; "my first glimpse of him was in Washington City, within ten minutes' walk of the White House."

"Oh! I remember the very day!" cried Nora.

"When my duty carried me North on an errand that I knew would detain me there for many weary months, I carried my family with me—my wife and daughter—and for the time being I made my headquarters in Washington, renting a very modest house there until such moment as the plans of my superiors could be developed. Well," the Captain went on, laughing, "they never were developed, and I had to take matters into my own hands and organize a sort of secret service of my own, which I never could have done but for Omahundro.

"He offered his wares before many doors, but when he saw me he stopped his cart close to the pavement, searched in it till he found three chickens tied together by the feet. These he brought to the door, remarking, 'I reckon you're a new man in these parts. I've been tradin' an' traffickin' 'roun' here fer some time, but I ain't never saw *you* before. What mought your name be?' He looked at me and grinned like an imbecile.

"'My name might be almost anything, but it happens to be McCarthy,' I replied.

"'You're right certain it ain't McKarritt, ner McKinsie, ner no other kind of Mac?' he insisted; 'bekase I seen a lady down the road a piece, an' she says, says she, "Jacky," says she, "ef you see Cap'n Larry McCarthy, jest up an' leave three of your best chickens at his door."' As he said this the cracker nudged me with his thumb, made a queer noise with his mouth, and then fell into a fit of laughter.

"'What on earth do you mean?' I asked.

"'Well, I don't mean no harm; not a bit in the world,' he replied. 'I says to the lady, says I: "Is the Cap'n a

married man?" an' she says, "I dunner whe'r he is or no, an' I don't keer; you jest give 'im the chickens." She did that-a-way! She said them very words. I got a gal myself,' he remarked by way of reassuring me, 'an' she's a thumper.' He laughed in the silliest manner.

"Now I had, when first taking the cottage, left my address at a country shanty some miles out of the city, in accordance with instructions received at Richmond; but the gift of the chickens conveyed no information to me; it seemed more like a trap laid for me. But the cracker left the fowls, and as he went toward his wagon he paused long enough to say: 'I want you ter save the biggest string, Cap. I'll come back arter it some day.'

"Now, this was a cue. The big string turned out to be about a yard and a half of thrums—small threads loosely twisted together—and in this piece of thrums was wrapped a strip of tissue paper containing a message from one of General Stuart's couriers, an old friend of mine, saying that no satisfactory instructions could be got from Richmond, and advising me to act as I thought best. The bearer of the dispatch, the writer said, was John Omahundro, the brightest, bravest, and most trustworthy scout in the army. The statement made me laugh. I no more believed that the person who delivered me the message was John Omahundro, of whom I had heard a great deal, than I believed that I, myself, was Secretary Stanton."

"I never have believed it," remarked Nora emphatically.

"I was nothing but a greenhorn in the business then," the Captain continued, smiling at Nora, who tossed her head in affected anger, "and I thought that all such practices smelt of the cheap novel and melodrama. I had not changed my own name, and never did, and I thought at that time that my contempt for all disguises and underhand methods would never permit me to employ them; but when I had seen one or two young fellows, gallant but foolhardy, snatched out of my hands, as you may say, and sacrificed to Mr. Stanton's implacable temper, I soon lost my contempt for measures intended to insure my safety."

"That fellow Stanton was a grand rascal," remarked one of the Captain's audience.

"Oh, no! no! no!" cried Captain McCarthy deprecatingly. "You never were more mistaken in your life. I despised him heartily for many a long day, but he was honest and true. He was simply implacable; he spent and was spent in performing his duties; he was restless and violent, riding over everything and everybody that stood in his way. He knew neither friends nor foes when it came to his duties, and in like circumstances he would have hanged or imprisoned his dearest friend as promptly as he immured an anonymous spy.

"Gentlemen, your little game of sneak-and-tag is played out"

"Well, the day after I had received the message from my friend in Virginia I became aware of the fact that two men were following me. How long they had been engaged in this business before I discovered it it was impossible to say. At first I simply suspected it, and then I made assurance doubly sure by walking aimlessly about. But no matter where I went I found them not far away. They made no effort to intrude themselves upon me; they were not obnoxious, as you may say. They followed me at their ease and seemed to be in high good humor. Sometimes they would pause, as if trying to settle some disputed point, or one would seem to tell a good story at which both laughed heartily. Finally, having walked around and about for an hour, I determined to take a street car and go home.

"I had been walking in the direction of the Capitol, but the car was moving in the direction of the White House. The men who were following me waited patiently for the car, and then, as I expected they would, followed my example, and seated themselves opposite me. One was a young man of very frail appearance. His face was somewhat emaciated, and his eyes were sunken. His hair was a dirty yellow. His companion presented a striking contrast. His face was full and rosy, his hair glossy black, and his eyes brilliant with health and strength. He was six feet high, but seemed to be shorter by reason of his perfect proportions.

"I watched them narrowly, but they never once looked directly at me. I was not angry, but I was irritated. I knew my position, and it was by no means pleasant to be followed about by strangers. They soon began to converse, and I felt that every word they said was directed at me.

The yellow-haired man rolled his catlike eyes as he talked, and sometimes held them closed for a dozen seconds together, giving a terrible emphasis to his words.

"'You see, it's this way,' he said, speaking in a guarded, confidential tone: 'we know that a message came from the Rebels yesterday. We caught one of the messengers, but we didn't catch the other; we know that it had to do with three chickens; and we know it was delivered; but how? I wouldn't give a dime for the message itself, but I'd give a thousand dollars to know who brought it, and I'm going to find out.'

"'I reckon we won't have much trouble about that,' replied the other lightly.

"They kept up this sort of conversation for several minutes, and I assure you I was surprised at my self-control. In fact, I had no need to exercise any. I felt as placid and as complacent as if I had been sitting at home listening to Nora playing jigs and reels on the mouth-harp. I seemed to be taken completely out of myself. You'll hardly believe it, but the situation seemed to have a humorous aspect, and I laughed as I left the car.

"I walked straight home, closed the door after me, and called Nora. 'Nora, darling,' says I, 'two men will knock at the door presently. Show them into the parlor, and ask them to have seats; then go into the kitchen and stay with mother. Should you hear any unusual noise, pay no attention to it.' I made haste to move every chair from the parlor (we had few), leaving only a small sofa. This I placed opposite the door.

"Well, sure enough, there soon came a knock on the door. I went into my bedroom, secured my navy revolvers—a very fine pair, by the way—and as soon as Nora came back and described the men I motioned for her to go to the kitchen."

"I sat in there," said Nora, laughing, "with my fingers in my ears for fully half an hour."

"I knew," Captain McCarthy continued, "that a desperate situation needed a desperate remedy, so I walked to the parlor door, covered the two men, and said:

"'Gentlemen, your little game of sneak-and-tag is played out. The first one that raises his hand or moves from his position will be the first to die.'

"To my surprise, they displayed no alarm; they showed no signs of apprehension. The reason was, to make a long story short, that the rosy youth was John Omahundro, while the other was Frank Tidwell, the quaintest wag I ever saw.

"You may be very sure I didn't take these gentlemen at their word until Omahundro had rehearsed the scene with the chickens almost word for word. This I had to depend on, for the rosy youngster before me bore not the slightest resemblance to the cracker who brought me the chickens.

"'Why should you play a practical joke on me?' I asked.

"'Well,' replied Tidwell, 'you had to be broke in, you know. I didn't know whether you was a stump-sucker or a thoroughbred. We can't take no chances here. If you'd 'a' flickered on that car you'd never laid eyes on us any more.' Whereupon, after searching himself, he produced an order on a Halifax bank for five hundred dollars in gold. This, as a guarantee of good faith, was appreciated."

"You were talking a while ago of a trivial accident or incident that turned out to have important relations to a larger event," suggested Judge Vardeman as the speaker paused.

"Yes, I was coming to that," responded Captain McCarthy; "I am simply trying to recall the impressions and details of a history-disturbing event. However, these impressions are merely personal.

"You have all heard of that unfortunate young man, John Wilkes Booth. Well, wherever there was a spark of sympathy for the South, there this young man was to be found. Omahundro knew him well, and it was natural that I should fall in with him. He was a very attractive man in every way. He had in him all the elements of genius, but seemed powerless to focus them.

"To say that this young man was mad would be to dispose of the problem he presents in a very unsatisfactory way. He was as mad as Hamlet was; no more, no less. In all his views and beliefs, in his designs and his hopes, he was as much a creature of fiction as any you find in books. He was so infected and unbalanced by his profession—he was an actor—that the world seemed to him to be a stage on which men and women were acting, not living, their parts. There was nothing real to him but that which is most unreal, the theatrical and the romantic. He had a great variety of charming qualities, and his mind would have been brilliant but for the characteristics which warped it.

"I soon discovered that this young man of unbalanced judgment and unbridled tongue was a person to be avoided by those who had work to do. Omahundro had already made the same discovery for himself, and he predicted that Booth would commit some act that would drag the innocent to death. For my part, I went at once to Canada, then returned to New York, and had very few opportunities after that of seeing this unfortunate young man.

"But I was in Washington on the eleventh of April, 1865, three days after the surrender of Lee, and though I was in no enviable frame of mind I had the greatest confidence in the wisdom, justice and humanity of President Lincoln. I felt, as did all who knew him, that he would do the right thing, in the right way, at the right time. Omahundro, I remember, had somewhat gloomier forebodings. He had a real love for the President, who knew the lad only as a country cracker, and relished his drolleries, which, in the main, consisted of narratives and anecdotes after Mr. Lincoln's own heart. In addition to these drolleries, Omahundro had a pretty good head for politics, as all our Southern young men have, and he thought that Mr. Lincoln would be carried away by the radical wing of his party, which Stanton, assisted by Morton and Stevens, had already nursed into life.

"Now I had some knowledge of men, and it struck me that Mr. Lincoln's excessive patience and forbearance were really the entrenchments behind which his purposes lay. I thought, I say, that while he seemed to be deferring to the judgment of others, he was engaged all the time in carrying out his own firm resolutions and unalterable plans as fast as events would justify them."

"That is the simple truth," exclaimed Judge Vardeman.

"That is the way it struck me," Captain McCarthy went on, "and I really felt better after the surrender than for some time previously. For one thing, the suspense was ended; the inevitable had come to pass. Still, I was gloomy enough.

"Well, I had arrived in Washington on Tuesday. The next Friday was Good Friday. As I was coming from morning devotions I met Omahundro, who had been waiting for me. He was nervous and excited.

"'I'll tell you what,' he declared, drawing me aside, 'we are going to have trouble, sure; that fellow Booth is getting ready to do something desperate. I tell you he's crazy. I've been talking to him, and he's wild on the subject of ridding the country of tyrants and oppressors.'

"'Pooh!' said I, 'such talk comes natural to him.'

"As it happened, we had not gone far before we met the unfortunate young man. He paused long enough to pass the time of day, and quite long enough for me to see that he was laboring under a great mental strain. His eyes shone with an unnatural lustre, and his gestures were uncertain.

"'I'll come to your room this afternoon, my friend,' he said to Omahundro, 'and take a nap. For the work that is before me I need the preparation of slumber. Aye,' he cried, with a wild gesture, 'and others will sleep! Envy not their dreams—envy not their dreams, my friend!'

"'I'll meet you there,' said Omahundro.

"Now, for three long years it had been my business to foresee possible troubles and entanglements and to provide against them, and so when I heard this young man's remark and noted his excitement I began to think of some possible difficulty into which we might be dragged. Therefore I said to Omahundro:

"'Do go to your room, lock the door, and let it be understood that you'll not be back until late to-night.'

"'Why, Cap, I want to collar that fellow and keep him there till he gets over the tantrums. It won't be hard to straighten him out. I believe he's got the jimmies.'

"'Well,' I replied, 'you can only restrain him for a few hours. His mania will renew itself, and if he sleeps in your room this afternoon you will be identified with whatever he does, especially if he commits some serious crime.'

"'I reckon that's about so,' said Omahundro.

"Nevertheless, and in spite of all this," Captain McCarthy continued, speaking gravely and with emphasis, "John Omahundro did go back to his room, and permitted this unfortunate young man to sleep there that afternoon. When Booth was sound asleep, Omahundro slipped out, locked the door, and carried the key away with him. When he returned he found that the young man had escaped by the transom.

"In the course of a few hours we were overwhelmed with the news of the President's assassination. It was a terrible blow to the South, but for some good purpose Providence permitted the event to occur. Omahundro was deeply affected by it. He felt that if he had remained in the room with the unfortunate young man, and had restrained his movements until the next day, his bloodthirstiness would have been dissipated.

"But in my opinion no earthly power could have kept the assassin in that room. He would have found some means of escape. The awful event, provided for in the mysterious order of Providence, would have come off on the moment."

At that moment Joe-Bob Griffin drew his bow across his fiddle in the dining-room, and the young people went flocking in, laughing and chattering as young people will.

The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, February, 1900.

I AM beginning to find out that this many-sided Capital City is one that teems with rumors, and that gossip, nay, even babble, is coin in free circulation. More than this, I find that I am prone to give credulous ear to rumor, and that unconsciously I am impelled to augment that rumor, which I suppose may be laid upon the back of the ever-patient scapegoat, human nature. But with rumors fast flying, I ask in all seriousness how the newcomer is to discern between truth and truth-likeness? I am met wherever I go with rumor and babble and gossip, and in turn I carry them with me wherever I go, and as the prayer-book saith, "There is no health in us." I was detailing some gossip to Robert the other day and he met my babbling remarks very reprovingly.

"Have you never heard, my dear, that 'fire and sword are but slow engines of destruction in comparison with the babbler?" Almost in the same breath he added:

"That reminds me, there is a rumor about town that there is a split in the Cabinet."

And then he wondered what I was smiling about.

Why, Robert comes home with a new rumor every day: rumors about politicians, about political deals and political disaffections, and it seems to me that politicians and statesmen are as bad as a village sewing society which daily uses up yards of cotton cloth and all the reputations in the community. I asked Robert where he picks up these rumors. He said that they originate for the most part over the blazing fires in the cloak-rooms; that whenever a day's session happens to be short members gather around these fires and discuss all manner of things.

They are smiling broadly over a contest involving an item in the estimates for the Congressional Library. It seems that Librarian Putnam, than whom there is no one more sturdy and independent, has asked for an automobile at a cost of eighteen hundred dollars. Now, it is a curious fact, Robert says, that any one asking for an appropriation of a million dollars is more likely to get it unquestioned than one who asks for a trifle of eighteen hundred, and this item is not likely to go unchallenged, notwithstanding that the Librarian has taken care to explain that the object of this automobile is not his own personal comfort in locomotion, but the speedy delivery of books and pamphlets called for daily and hourly by members and Senators. This item was jocosely called to the attention of Mr. Cannon, the chairman of the Appropriations Committee, when a lot of members were lounging before the cloak-room fire. "Uncle Joe," as he is familiarly called, was asked what he thought of it. He shut his eye reflectively and said dryly, he thought that "perhaps a bicycle would do just as well."

LIBRARIAN PUTNAM, THAN WHOM THERE IS NO ONE MORE STURDY AND INDEPENDENT

Mr. Beveridge, who has lately sprung into the arena a full-fledged orator, is deepening the good impression that his first speech made. He was one of the speakers at the big bankers' banquet in New York the other night, and Robert, who was there, said that he made a great hit.

There are now four recognized orators in the Senate on the Republican side. These are Mr. Lodge, Mr. Wolcott, Dr. Depew and Mr. Beveridge, and the rivalry among them ought to be good-natured, especially as they stand together on all the issues save silver.

There was a time when the Senate numbered among its most brilliant orators several on the Democratic side of the chamber. But those days are gone. There seems now to be but a single figure left, that of Mr. Daniel, of Virginia, the State that has given us so many of our great orators. He is the peer of any speaker on the floor. Of the four orators on the majority side it would be difficult to decide upon their merits, although it is said that Senator Chandler is actually selected as a referee to decide to which of them shall be awarded the palm. The idea of grave, gray-headed Mr. Chandler enacting the rôle of Paris, as it were, is inexpressibly funny, and I am afraid that the judgment of Paris could not have awakened more feeling than will this judgment of his when it is rendered. Robert says that Senator Lodge is the most quiet and dignified of the four, with a finished, clear, logical style. Senator Wolcott is more ornate, more witty and far less restrained. Senator Depew is perhaps the most polished and musical, and Mr. Beveridge, with his impetuous vocabulary, is more fiery and impassioned, and has more of the natural orator in him than any of the others. But surely there is room on the Senate floor for all these four men, for any one of them upon opening his mouth can instantly have a following as numerous and as enthusiastic as had the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

Among all this talk there is one persistent rumor that crops up again and again; it is to the effect that two members of the Cabinet are on such terms of enmity that the atmosphere of the White House on Cabinet days is extremely frigid, and that the President's diplomacy is being taxed to the utmost in trying to keep the peace. I asked Robert what this Kilkenny state of affairs was all about, but he looked inscrutable and was silent, so I suppose that another State secret is trembling in the balance. That it will finally topple over is certain, since it is on the lips of the cloak-room.

However, if the White House atmosphere is frigid on Cabinet days it was far from frigid on the occasion of the State dinner the other night, to which Robert and I were bidden along with diplomats, statesmen, generals and admirals. I was afraid that perhaps I might be overawed by the occasion, but thanks to the training I have had of late in the official world, and thanks to Jules, this dinner seemed only a glorified edition of an every-day affair. True, the magnificent bed of purple orchids which extended down the middle of the table and the equally magnificent court dresses of the Ambassadors could not be duplicated in private houses, but the dinner could have been duplicated, nay, quadrupled in point of excellence. It seems that at the last minute two of the honored guests did not arrive—Admiral and Mrs. Dewey; so a whole table full was cheated out of the satisfaction of knowing which would have taken precedence, the Admiral of the Navy or the General of the Army.

On the occasions of these State dinners the long red corridor is used as a dining-room, the old State dining-room, with its table-top pieced together out of pine boards, having long ago grown inadequate for these banquets; for nowadays the President dines from seventy-five to eighty guests as against twenty-five or thirty in former times; and as these State dinners come out of the private purse of the President, there being, I am told, absolutely no fund for the White House save for repairs, they must be a heavy item of expenditure.

As I looked up and down the table, made brilliant and beautiful in every way that modern decoration can suggest, and surrounded by the highest and best in our land and by the pick of other lands, with Lord Pauncefote at the top, and, according to social gradation, with the Koreans at the bottom (they won't mind this statement, for, poor things, they would not understand it if it were shouted to them in every known language), I will confess that my Spruce City heart swelled with so much pride that the food offered me became of secondary importance.

I could not help thinking of the letter of advice which George Washington sent to John Adams concerning the etiquette that should be the rule in the President's family. After advising the utmost reserve and aloofness toward others, Washington wound up by saying: "In order to remove the appearance of too immense an inequality, the President might invite a few high officials to dinner now and then, but on such occasions the President should not remain with them long at table."

General Washington did not dream of long course dinners through which the President must remain from caviare to coffee, and all to the accompaniment of a Marine Band.

Impressed as I was by my first State dinner I was glad that I did not have to undergo it often, and, on reflection, I was more than ever pleased with Jules and my own little dinners. The dinner which he served to Senator P——, when the Senator, Robert and I personated the Graces, was perfect. It was the simplest and shortest dinner we have given. Of course I told Jules that our only guest was to be a Senator. He asked:

"Will Madame haf ze goodness to tell me ze name of Monsieur ze Senator?"

When I gave it he nodded.

"Oh, yes, I know ze taste of Monsieur; leave all to me, Madame." And I did.

During dinner, Senator P—— said to me:

"Do you know, Mrs. Slocum, that you have happened to serve my favorite things to-night? It is an odd coincidence."

Whether it was because of this, or because he is more gracious than he has been credited with being, or because he had had his own way so signally in the Senate that day in tabling an adversary's resolution, I do not know, but he was delightful. Never in all my life had I seen Robert come out of his shell as he did under the influence of the Senator's spell. He talked really brilliantly, and I saw for the first time a seat in the Senate taking shape before my mental vision. Their theme, principally, was the late war, and the clamor in Congress against the Administration.

"UNCLE JOE" CANNON, AS HE IS FAMILIARLY CALLED

"Yet," said Robert, "much has been made out of Washington's political utterances by these peace-at-any-price men, but not one of them had the courage or honesty to use one extract from one of his speeches which is this: 'The United States ought not to indulge a persuasion that, contrary to the order of human events, they will forever keep at a distance those painful appeals to arms with which the history of every nation abounds. There is a rank due to the United States among nations, which will be withheld, if not absolutely lost, by the reputation of weakness.'"

"Ah!" said the Senator, deeply interested, "that would seem momentous to-day. Where did you find that, Slocum?"

"It is to be found in Irving's Washington, in the last volume, and, as you say, is momentous. We are confronted by a condition, and these words fit this precise condition."

"Why don't you address the House, Slocum, and embody this?"

"I shall, when the occasion offers," said Robert quietly, and there was a fire in his eyes I had never seen there before.

"It is a curious thing," said the Senator musingly, "that the date of men who oppose a war in progress, or oppose their government in the management of it, are nearly always overcome by oblivion. There was brilliant John Randolph, who never recovered from his opposition to the War of 1812."

MR. DANIEL, OF VIRGINIA, THE PEER OF ANY SPEAKER ON THE FLOOR

Editor's Note—The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife began in The Saturday Evening Post of February 3, and will be continued through twelve numbers. Each paper is practically complete in itself, and may be read with enjoyment without reference to preceding installments.

Just here the footman brought me a card bearing Mr. de Courcelles' name, and I was compelled to leave Senator P—— and Robert to their cigars and their politics; and not a word or hint had been given about the postmastership.

Mr. de Courcelles is, as foreigners go, a good-looking man. He is blond, and is of athletic build, and he speaks English with almost no accent, but he looks absurdly young, almost a boy in fact, in spite of his length of limb. He did not seem backward about speaking plainly of his devotion to Page, after which he surprised me by adding that he had secured leave from his Government to return to France. I spoke out impulsively:

"Ah! You are running away?"

"No, Madame, not that. Heaven forbid!"

"She has perhaps refused you, then?" said I, with a feeling of sudden relief.

"No, I have not spoken. I must not, though Mademoiselle knows full well how it is with me."

"Ah! I think I begin to understand." I spoke impatiently, for I thought I knew why he must not speak. "You do not speak, Mr. de Courcelles, because of the drawback of there being no 'dowry' in the case of Mademoiselle?"

He flushed, but looked straight at me, and said quietly:

"No, that is not the reason. Mademoiselle has no *dot*, it is true, and as Madame knows that is one of the requirements in my country; but there being no *dot* would not stand, with me, in the way, nor yet would the new rule which was promulgated by my Government after the marriage of the former Ambassador. Madame knows that in consequence of that marriage a rule was made practically forbidding marriages of diplomats with foreigners except when special permission is obtained from the Government, and——"

"Oh! Your diplomatic career would come to an end?" I said, thinking that I had the reason for it all at last.

"Practically so, Madame, but not even that would deter me. I must conform, in order that my marriage should be in accord with the regulations of my country, to various formalities which happily in your country do not affect your marriages. I must have, above all, parental consent."

"But you have no father as I understand, and surely a mother's consent could not legally affect a——"

"Ah! Madame, you do not understand all our intricacies, nor could I explain. It is true that I am the head of my house, but even with that I am powerless without the consent of my mother, and it is for her consent that I am about to go to France and leave Mademoiselle without speaking any word of pledge."

"Why does your mother withhold consent?" I persisted.

The red blood mounted to his face. He dropped his monocle suddenly with a genuine gesture of distress, but he made no response, and I spoke out with curling lip:

"I understand. It is because Page has no dowry, and is a little unknown American girl, and you and your——"

"No! no! Madame, I beg of you do not say it; you in your country are so generous in your institutions I beg of you to be generous to mine, which I would have otherwise if I could. I pledge you my word that whatever prejudices and objections my mother may have, not one of them shall stand in my way for long, but I must obtain her consent or else wait a long time, and I must, of course, go to her; then I shall return and declare myself to Mademoiselle——"

"And expect that Mademoiselle will fall into your arms without further delay?"

I was unreasonable, and ungenerous and angry too, for I felt that I was fighting for my own. The effect of my words was instantaneous. He rose to his feet and his face was very white.

"I beg your pardon, Madame, if I have made a mistake in burdening you with my affairs. I have no means of knowing how Mademoiselle regards me, but I wished that some explanation should be forthcoming as to why I am leaving your country so suddenly."

There was a dignity about him that appealed to me at once. I held out my hand to him and said, half-indulgently:

"Forgive my impatience, but I love Page."

"Ah! and I love her, too," he interrupted; then he raised my hand to his lips and, looking at me coaxingly, said:

"Madame, you will be my friend; I know it, I feel it; you will take care of Mademoiselle for me until I get back. You will even say one, two, three kind little words about me to her?" And of course, womanlike, I promised.

"How long will you be absent?" I asked.

"Six weeks, and they will be as six years to me."

With a few more words he was gone, and I was left with an uncomfortable impression that there was some obstacle over and above his mother's lack of consent. I turned the whole interview over in my mind and suddenly two things flashed upon me which speedily shaped themselves into resolves. One was that I would, on the morrow, send to the State Department and ask the august powers which preside there for a copy of a recent report made by our Ambassador, Mr. Porter, concerning the status of American wives before the French law. The other resolve was that I would talk to Robert about this whole affair. Robert was almost as devoted to Page as I, for in lieu of a daughter of our own we had practically adopted Page, and, if Mr. de Courcelles should prove to be all right and Page should have set her heart on marrying him, I determined she should not go to him unprovided with a *dot*.

Booming the Big Show

By W. C. Coup

Edited by FORREST CRISSEY

IT MAY not be generally known to the public, but it is a fact, that nearly one-half of the entire expenditure of a circus is incurred in the work of the advance brigades. The advertising material, its distribution, express, freight and cartage, together with the salaries, transportation and living expenses of seventy-five to one hundred men, amount to vast sums of money. The largest number of men I ever used in advance of my show was seventy-five, and for this people called me crazy.

Though, of course, there is a limit to possible receipts, there is no doubt that the business secured is in proportion to the sum used in advertising, and it is almost impossible to draw the line at which judicious advertising should stop. This is demonstrated by the fact that the dressing-room tents of the present day are larger than were the entire old-time circus canvases, when the advertising was done by one man on horseback and all the paper used was carried in his saddle-bags, and the salary of any star advertiser now is as much as was required to run the entire show of years ago.

SENATOR LODGE IS THE MOST QUIET AND DIGNIFIED OF THE FOUR

I early learned, by experience, that big receipts at the ticket wagon followed big advertising expenditures. In 1880, in order to boom the "Newly United Monster Shows," I arranged some very peculiar and novel advertising features in the way of three cars especially fitted out for the use of my advance agents. The first brigade was accompanied by an enormous organ, for which a car was built, the latter being drawn through the streets by an elephant. This organ was a masterpiece of mechanism and was specially built by Professor Jukes. Its tones resembled the music of a brass band and could be heard at a great distance. This, of course, attracted the people, and the brigade would then advertise the show by a lavish distribution of handbills.

Unfortunately the elephant and the music combined to frighten many horses and I soon found myself defendant in numerous damage suits. Indeed, that single elephant seemed to frighten more horses than did the entire herd with the show.

At one place temporary quarters for the elephant were secured in a stable which could be reached only through a private alley. When we came to take possession of the barn, the owner of the alley, with several policemen, stood on guard and undertook to stop the progress of the huge animal. Their efforts, however, met with no success, for, with the most sublime indifference, the beast moved quietly forward. For this I was sued for "trespass" and "injured feelings." As the elephant was the offender, my lawyer proposed to bring him into court as the principal witness, a proposition which caused considerable amusement. As no damage had been done, the "laugh" was decidedly on the owner of the alley.

My second advertising car was fitted up with another enormous organ of far-reaching power, and attracted much attention, while my third and last advertising brigade rejoiced in the possession of an engine to which was attached a steam whistle of such power and discordant tone that it could be heard for miles. This the men would blow while going through the country. Professor Jukes had christened this diabolical invention the "Devil's Whistle," and so well did its sound fit the name that the people must have frequently thought His Satanic Majesty was near by.

As that car with its whistle would steam into a town, the inhabitants would flock as one man to see what it was that had so disturbed their peace, and thus were we enabled to advertise more thoroughly than any show before or since. I have often thought that I really deserved punishment for thus outraging the public ear.

Between these three advertising brigades I had smaller companies, accompanied by a colored brass band, which discoursed pleasant music while my bill-posters decorated the dead walls and boards. The band also gave concerts at night upon the public square and, between pieces, a good speaker would draw attention to the excellences of the coming show.

A uniformed brigade of trumpeters was also sent through the country on horseback, and a band of Jubilee Singers marched through the streets singing the praises of the "Newly United Shows." Added to these attractions were two stereopticons that pictured, from some house-top or window, the main features of the show. This, together with perhaps the most liberal newspaper advertising that ever had been done, made the whole advance work as near absolute perfection in show advertising as possible.

One of the picturesque features with the advance show was Gilmore's "Jubilee Anvil Chorus." The anvils were made of wood with a piece of toned steel fastened at the top in a manner which secured a volume and resonance of tone that could be heard much farther than that of an ordinary anvil. At intervals, to strengthen the chorus, cannon were fired off. This, though a great novelty, caused some dissatisfaction, especially amid crowded surroundings. My excuse was that the chorus was a free feature furnished by my friend Gilmore, and that, as it cost the public nothing, the latter should be satisfied. Never before nor since was a country so startled and excited over the coming of a show.

A great circus uses large quantities of advertising paper—so much, in fact, that it is difficult to keep track of it. True, the superintendent of the advertising car gives each man so many "sheets" in the morning and the man at night hands in a statement which is supposed to show where and how he has placed the paper. These brigades are followed by "watchers," or, as the railroad men term them, "spotters," who look carefully over the ground. But the impossibility of detecting all crooked work may be readily understood when I say that from eight to twelve wagons containing bill-posters and paper start out on country routes in as many different directions, so the "spotter," not being ubiquitous, cannot follow every trail. One of my "spotters," however, did once ascertain that a party of my men had driven into the country and dozed comfortably in the shade all day, had not put up any paper and had not fed the hired horses, although they did not forget to charge for the "feeds." The horses were thus made to suffer and the men pocketed the money which should have gone for oats. Of course my superintendent discharged the entire brigade, although, when the season is well under way, it is very difficult to obtain skilled bill-posters, for it is quite a difficult craft and experts are in good demand.

The reader, however, can easily see what a great loss such doings entail on a show, considering the cost of the paper at the printer's, the freight or expressage, the cartage, and the money paid the men for putting up the sheets. The printing bills of a first-class show are enormous. My lithograph bill alone, the last successful season of my show, amounted to

THE FIRST BRIGADE WAS ACCOMPANIED BY AN ENORMOUS ORGAN, FOR WHICH A CAR WAS BUILT

Editor's Note—This is the fourth paper in the series, The Memories of an Old Showman, from the notes of the late W. C. Coup. The first appeared in the issue of November 18. Each paper is complete in itself.

$40,000, and this was before the days of extensive lithographing. I believe I ordered the first three-sheet lithograph ever made, and also the first ten-sheet lithograph. This was considered a piece of foolishness; but when I ordered a hundred-sheet bill and first used it in Brooklyn it was considered such a curiosity that show people visited the City of Churches for the express purpose of looking at this advertising marvel. How things have changed! The Barnum and one or two other shows now use nothing but lithographs and many of their bills are beautiful works of art, some of them being copies of really great pictures.

I can remember when one-sheet lithographs cost one dollar each, and for several years later they could not be bought for less than fifty to seventy-five cents apiece. They can be had now in large quantities for about five cents or less the sheet. As shows nowadays frequently use hundreds of sheets in a day, imagine what would be their cost at the price paid in the pioneer show period.

The circus of the present day is judged by the quality of its paper. One season I arranged with a publisher to use a folded quarter sheet, three sides of which advertised our show and the fourth side contained the first chapter of a story about to be published in his magazine. These were furnished to us in enormous quantities and our agents distributed them. In Boston we had four four-horse wagons full and these followed our parade. The men tossed the folders high in the air and the wind carried them in all directions. While this style of advertising surprised the people, it was soon stopped, and properly, too, by city ordinance. I think circus people would be better off if ordinances were passed wholly prohibiting bill posting; but unfortunately such a movement would go far toward breaking up a profitable industry, since many of the bill posters are rich men, some making as much as $25,000 a year and a few fully $50,000. I believe Mr. Seth B. Howes, the veteran circus manager, was the first one to order a billboard made or paste paper on the outside. Previous to this all bills were hung or fastened up with tacks.

There was always a sharp rivalry between the advance brigades of opposition shows, and many are the tricks which they play upon each other. Perhaps the most serious and daring trick played on me was when the agent of an opposition show actually went to the railroad office and ordered a carload of my paper, which was on the sidetrack there waiting for our man, to be shipped to California. Believing him to be representing me, the freight agent did as requested, and my advance brigade was delayed until a fresh carload could be sent on from New York, which could be done in less time than it would have taken to have brought the original carload back from San Francisco. After accomplishing this contemptible trick the fellow escaped and, although I had Pinkerton men closely on his trail, I was never able to get service on him. Of course the scamp's employers were legally responsible; but in those days we never thought of bringing suit in cases of that kind, although I was strongly tempted to do so in one place, where an opposition show had covered my dates with their own and had greatly damaged us by misleading the people.

Of the many other sharp tricks played on me by opposition shows, one of the best, or worst, was that of equipping genteel-appearing men with sample cases, and sending them in advance of my show in the rôle of commercial salesmen. These men would step into prominent stores and, after a short business chat, incidentally mention my name and then impart the information that my show had disbanded and gone to pieces. This, of course, would set the whole town talking and the news would soon spread over the entire county, thus doing me irreparable harm.

The general public has very little idea of the extent to which opposition tactics are carried by the representatives of circuses and menageries. The rivalry between two shows often costs thousands of dollars and is sometimes kept up by the agents long after the proprietors have become reconciled. Once we became involved in one of these contests and the opposition, in order to harass us, actually had four of our men arrested in different States on a charge of libel. The Indiana libel laws were very severe, and in each instance we were compelled to give a heavy bond for the release of our man.

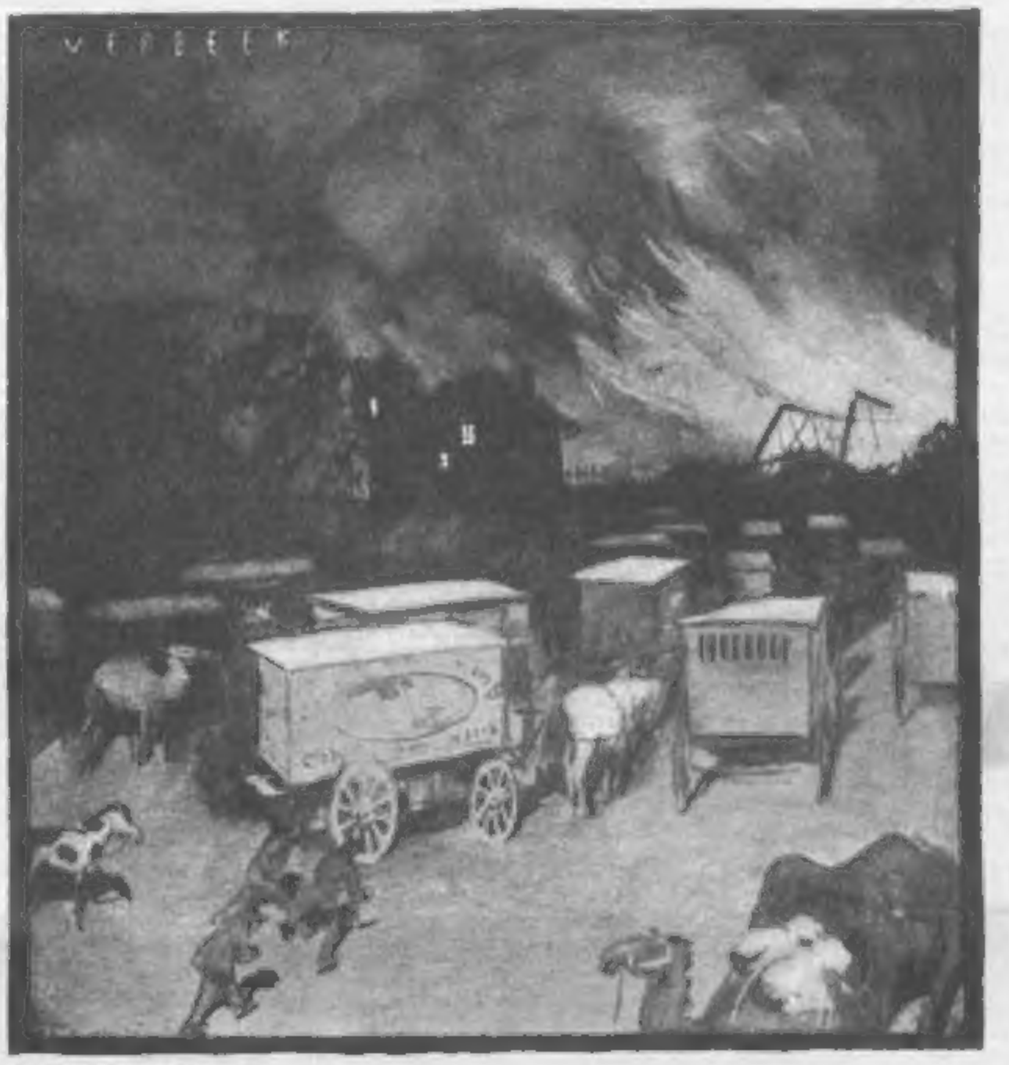
That year the train of a rival outfit ran off the track, and one of the proprietors, in the course of time, became my agent. One day, in a confidential chat, he alluded to the mishap, and told me that at the time it occurred he fully intended accusing us of having had the switches turned, thus causing the disaster. To that end he had even gone to the length of swearing out warrants for our arrest. They knew that we were perfectly innocent, but their object was to gain notoriety and sympathy. At the last moment, it is to be presumed, their better natures asserted themselves; at all events, they weakened.

Another party in opposition warfare copied our money orders. Orders of this kind were given by our agents and paid by our treasurer on arrival of the show. They were given for services rendered or goods bought, and covered the expenses of livery teams, distributing bills, flour, feed, advance brigade supplies, newspaper advertising, etc. They were made out something after this style:

> "On presentation of this order and ten issues of —— Newspaper, containing advertisements of the Coup Show to exhibit at —— on the —— day of —— pay Mr. —— $—— amount due him.
> "(Signed) —— ——
> "Agent."

These orders were extensively used by the opposition for some time before we discovered it. Its object, of course, was to make the newspaper proprietors and the public think they were advertising the Coup show, while of course their own dates would be inserted instead of ours.

At a certain place in Ohio a bridge was burned in advance of us and entailed the loss of our next "stand," or date. We could not safely accuse any of our competitors of this contemptible and incendiary trick; but we knew they were driven to desperation and were capable of resorting to any such outrage.



DRAWN BY GUSTAVE VERBEEK

AT A CERTAIN PLACE IN OHIO A BRIDGE WAS BURNED IN ADVANCE OF US AND ENTAILED THE LOSS OF OUR NEXT "STAND," OR DATE

There were agents so utterly unscrupulous as to receive pay from opposition shows for disclosing to them information that should have been jealously guarded, even betraying the advance route. I knew one agent who was an expert telegraph operator and able to take messages by sound. He would scrape acquaintance with the regular operator and pass his spare time in the telegraph office secretly taking our messages as the latter were being sent over the wire, the local operator being ignorant of the loafer's telegraphic skill.

These opposition fights greatly benefited the local bill posters and were frequently urged on by them. Sometimes a show would send a brigade over the country at night, placing its own dates on the paper of its rival, thus getting all the advantages of the first show's paper. Sometimes the indolence and laziness of my own men have annoyed me greatly. I am reminded that, while my advance brigade was billing Texas, one of my agents became utterly disgusted with the sleepiness of his men. They were mainly of corpulent build and their captain actually sent me this message:

> "Waco, Texas, July, 1881.
> "W. C. Coup:
> "Sturtevant House, New York City.
> "There is one more shade tree in Texas; send another fat man to sit under it."

On numerous occasions I have had to pay dearly as a result of the sharp practices of unscrupulous people, and it is a well-known fact that a circus man has to deal with a great many of this class. Our advance agent always engaged the lots on which we were to exhibit, and he did so at Austin, Texas, renting the necessary ground at a most exorbitant figure. As usual, he gave an order on the company which was to be paid immediately on our arrival. But the owner, or pretended owner, inserted a clause in the agreement that the lots were to be used if still in possession of the signer. Immediately on our arrival the bill was presented, and as promptly paid. Imagine my surprise when, as the show opened at night, another bill was presented for $150. It seems that this sharper had made a fraudulent sale of one of the centre lots on purpose to swindle me. Of course I paid it, under protest, in order to enable the performance to proceed, as, anticipating a refusal on my part, they had illegally attached some valuable ring stock.

Some years ago when George Peck was struggling with Peck's Sun, long before it had been recognized as a "leading comic paper," I visited Milwaukee with my show. My invariable instructions to my agents were to advertise in every paper, but especially to place an extra advertisement in all young papers struggling for recognition, provided, of course, that they had merit. For some reason, or through oversight, George Peck's Sun had been entirely forgotten. Nevertheless, I found on reaching Milwaukee that Peck had, on several occasions, good-humoredly alluded in his columns to my coming, and had not "roasted" me, as many other editors so slighted would have done. Accordingly I sent him a check which would have more than paid for the advertisement he should have had but did not get. To my surprise he returned the check, saying I owed him nothing. I declined to receive it and once more sent it to him, telling him not to come any of his "funny business over me," and to reserve his jokes for his paper. This brought him around to my hotel, and I was delighted to become acquainted with one of the cleverest men I have ever met. Later he became Governor of his State.

As an example of the courteous treatment I have invariably received at the hands of the newspaper editors I cannot refrain from giving the following incident which occurred when the show was in North Carolina. In a town in that State one paper, through an oversight, had been skipped altogether in the distribution of the advertising. When the second brigade of the advertising army arrived in town, it found that the issue of this paper had already been mailed to its subscribers. Nothing daunted, however, this agent arranged with the publishers for a special issue which, teeming with praises of the Coup show, was issued and mailed to all subscribers. As a result, excellent houses greeted us when we exhibited in the place.

The rivalry between the great shows extended to the newspaper advertising as well as bill-posting department. I remember that once, at Pittsburg, the opposition was very strong, and I had as press agent a brother of the man who held the same position in the employ of my rival. They were both excellent newspaper men and thoroughly understood their business. We would take whole columns in the newspapers, and my men with the show would telegraph to the papers at Pittsburg after this manner:

> "Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania.
> "The W. C. Coup show did a tremendous business here to-day; the largest and best show ever seen here."

These telegrams would be used to head our other notices in the Pittsburg papers, and whole columns would follow, setting forth the merits of the show. With more solid indorsements these telegrams so worried my agent's brother that he was at a loss to know how to overcome them. He finally hit upon a novel and dashing plan. After our columns had been set up in the various papers, he would then engage the adjoining columns. In this space, in display type, he denounced our telegrams as bogus, stating that he had seen his own brother write them at the hotel. This announcement completely took the wind out of our sails.

Many amusing things of this sort occurred in the war of opposition, but others of a more serious nature would, of course, come up. Although August is not considered a good show month of the year in New England, we once did a tremendous business there in dog days. Business was especially large in Bridgeport, Connecticut, the home of the "greatest showman on earth." At this town the standard and respectable newspapers united in giving great praise to the show; but one obscure little sheet did me the honor to differ from the entire American press on this score. Mr. Barnum did not visit the show. In the heat of opposition, some of my agents devised a punning lithograph which represented a chicken coop and depicted me sitting complacently thereon, smoking a cigar, while Mr. Barnum and some other showmen were represented as confined in the coop beneath me. This cartoon was, I considered, too severe, and I ordered it to be suppressed and all copies burned. Some man, however, got hold of a quantity of them and thought it a good joke to distribute a lot of them in Bridgeport. Although I had tried to prevent this violence to the feelings of the great showman, the joke worked well and thousands attended the show from which Mr. Barnum absented himself.

To illustrate the rapid and extensive growth of the circus business I will relate the following: A very few years ago there was an old gentleman living at Delavan, Wisconsin, at the age of ninety-four. In his youth he was a daring trapeze performer and at one time owned, in partnership with a man named Sam Stickney, a circus as large as were most circuses of that day. This old gentleman, Mr. Buckley, visited my show and, in course of conversation, asked what my expenses were. I told him about $3000 a day; at this he smiled and related how, on one occasion, he had been buying some horses for his show, when his partner, Stickney, came to him and said: "Look here, Buckley, we've got to quit buying horses, or the first thing we know our expenses will be fifty dollars a day, and you know we can't afford that."

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are Making HISTORY

PHOTO BY H. H. STALEE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

COL. H. CLAY EVANS

The Big Pension Building in Washington

Just about one year hence the largest hall in Washington will be occupied by an army of decorators. They will twine its noble columns with thousands of yards of bunting, and thousands of flags will be hung on wall and ceiling. Myriads of electric lights will turn the vast space into a scene of indescribable brilliancy.

During the day of the Fourth of March a President will be inaugurated, and that night the society, diplomacy and citizenship of the world will gaze upon a scene that has few equals in public functions. There will be the new heroes of the latest war—men wearing more medals and larger titles because of our difficulties with a foreign nation. All this will take place in the great Pension Building, which outwardly looks like an enormous barn built of brick.

For several days prior to all this festivity workmen will be removing thousands of cases containing records that tell of suffering and sacrifice, of wives made widows, of mothers bereft of children, of young men crippled for life, and all of those innumerable tragedies which attend war. It is a contrast which comes home to us every four years, and in some respects it is like holding a great dance upon the graves of heroes. But this age is nothing if not practical, and the Pension Building is the only structure in Washington which can come within the reasonable requirements of an inaugural ball, to which admission may be gained by any one of respectable character who has the money to pay for the ticket.

The Size of the Nation's Pension Bill

The people of the United States are now paying more money for pensions than any other single item in the total of Government expenses. The amount is almost $140,000,000 every year. After the close of the war the entire sum was less than $21,000,000. In the thirty-odd years it has increased nearly sevenfold, and as these lines are being written the information comes from Washington that applications for pensions from the war with Spain will exceed fifty per cent. of the entire forces engaged in that comparatively safe conflict. Nothing touches the people so quickly as taxation, and thus the pension question has a direct bearing upon every citizen. There are bitter words on both sides, but it may be well to remember that each party to the controversy has its rights.

The first view of the pension question is pitiful in the extreme. There are at present upon the pension rolls of the Government about 990,000 names. They are distributed all over the world. Even on St. Helena there is a man who draws $144 a year from the treasury of the United States. In Ireland there are 415 veterans who annually get over $60,000 from this country. In far away Siam there are two others. In every continent are American pensioners.

Among the States Ohio naturally leads, receiving a total of over $15,000,000 a year, distributed among 105,000 pensioners, Pennsylvania coming next, New York third, Indiana fourth, and so on down the list. Among all these the total of nearly $140,000,000 is distributed. In order that it may be done with the best facility, there are eighteen agencies extending all the way from Augusta, Maine, to San Francisco. Go to any of these places and see the men and women who draw Government bounty, and though there will be many exceptions, the people who form the mass of the crowd are maimed of limb, are bent by disease, or have some sign to show that they have suffered. It is a spectacle that moves one profoundly, and it is repeated as regularly as pay day comes around.

This country has seldom been niggardly in any of its dealings, and it is particularly liberal in its treatment of those who serve it. It pays the highest salaries of any nation in the world, and when its soldiers fall or suffer while working in its behalf it is glad to support them in their misfortunes. Public sentiment all over the land wants the real soldier to be generously aided. But in cases of this kind there are numerous scoundrels who will take advantage of a people's liberality, and there have probably been more attempts at fraud, more rascality, and more unblushing effrontery in connection with pensions than in any other experience of our Government.

For instance: Congressmen will introduce bills providing that every man who served in the army should have a pension, and that every slave who was liberated should receive money from the United States Treasury. Such vicious action simply provides opportunities for thieves. The bill to pension ex-slaves led to one of the widest schemes of petty larceny this country has ever known. The rascals formed associations, sent agents through the South to organize local clubs or societies, collecting initiation fees and dues. "These impostors," says the Commissioner of Pensions, "have reaped a rich harvest from those who can least afford the loss, and while they are unquestionably guilty of obtaining money under false pretences, there is no Federal law under which a stop can be put to it."

Eighteen Thousand Pension Attorneys in the United States

During the last fiscal year 24,662 pension attorneys were disqualified, the great majority of these being taken off the list by the revision of the roster, but it is interesting to notice that the causes which led to disbarment and suspension numbered twenty-eight, including making false certificates, collecting illegal fees, collusion, bribery, false affidavits, conspiracy and blackmail. After the removal of this large number there still remained over 18,000 pension attorneys in the United States. Many of these are estimable men who serve their clients conscientiously and whose services are valuable to the Government as well as to the pensioners, but there are hundreds who will do anything in order to get a fee. It is not necessary to go into the question of the interesting frauds on the pension lists, but it is admitted that the Government loses literally millions of dollars every year—money that does no good, because it goes to those who do not deserve it and who use it badly. This is a double crime, because it robs the deserving who are in the majority on the pension list.

The Official Figures of Pension Growth

The following figures are supplied by the Commissioner of Pensions at Washington. They show the amount of money that has been paid annually to pensioners of the Army and Navy since the close of the Civil War, and the number of pensioners each year:

Year	Army	Navy	Pensioners
1866	$15,158,598.64	$291,951.24	126,722
1867	20,552,948.47	231,841.22	155,474
1868	22,811,183.75	290,325.61	169,643
1869	28,168,323.34	344,923.93	187,963
1870	29,043,237.00	398,251.78	198,686
1871	28,081,542.41	437,250.21	207,495
1872	29,376,921.02	475,835.79	232,189
1873	26,502,538.96	479,534.93	238,411
1874	29,603,159.24	603,615.75	236,241
1875	28,727,104.76	543,300.00	234,821
1876	27,411,309.53	534,900.00	232,137
1877	27,659,461.72	523,360.00	232,104
1878	26,251,725.91	534,283.53	223,998
1879	33,169,339.92	555,089.00	242,755
1880	55,901,670.42	787,556.66	250,802
1881	49,419,905.35	1,163,500.00	268,830
1882	53,328,192.05	984,980.00	285,697
1883	59,468,610.70	958,963.11	303,658
1884	56,945,115.25	967,272.22	322,756
1885	64,222,275.34	949,661.78	345,125
1886	63,034,642.90	1,096,500.00	363,783
1887	72,464,236.69	1,288,760.39	406,007
1888	77,712,789.27	1,237,712.40	452,557
1889	86,996,509.15	1,846,218.43	489,725
1890	103,809,250.39	2,285,000.00	537,944
1891	114,744,750.83	2,567,939.67	676,160
1892	135,914,611.76	3,479,535.35	876,668
1893	153,045,460.94	3,861,177.00	966,012
1894	136,495,965.61	3,490,700.56	969,544
1895	136,156,808.35	3,650,980.43	970,524
1896	134,632,175.88	3,582,999.10	970,678
1897	136,311,914.64	3,635,802.71	976,014
1898	140,924,348.71	3,727,531.69	993,714
1899	134,671 258.68	3,683,794.27	991,519
....	$2,338,559,870.58	$51,351,104.16	.....

To the amount paid out for pensions, as shown in the table, should be added the pension expenses. Since 1866 the Government has paid over $15,000,000 for fees of examining surgeons; over $12,000,000 for maintaining pension agencies and general disbursement expenses, and over $52,000,000 for salaries and the maintenance of the Pension Bureau. The total of the pension bill since 1866 to the close of the last fiscal year was almost $2,470,000,000.

PENSION BUREAU, WASHINGTON, D. C.

PHOTO BY WILLIAM H. RAU, PHILA.

PHOTO BY GRAY, WATERTOWN, N. Y.

COL. ALBERT D. SHAW

Shall the Laws be Made Easier

The present questions that concern the Pension Bureau are whether the laws shall be made more strict or easier. The Grand Army of the Republic, of which Colonel Albert D. Shaw is Commander-in-Chief, gave serious attention to the matter at its last encampment. It was very generally published that the veterans would adopt bitter resolutions against the Commissioner of Pensions, H. Clay Evans, on the ground that he was interpreting laws too rigidly and was hindering the granting of pensions. The fight was made largely in the executive session, but part of it took place in the open meeting and the pension attorneys attacked the Commissioner with considerable vigor. The result of the work was a series of resolutions which asked for a return to the old rule under which 400,000 names were added to the pension roll; also that the present rule against allowing a pension to a widow with an income of $96 a year be changed so that the limitation might be increased to $250 a year. President McKinley favors this. Committees were appointed and the matter reached Congress. There have been hearings from all sides of the controversy, and the present attention seems to be in the direction of a revision of all the pension laws. The laws are so mixed up now that the pension question is largely a matter of interpretation. It may be that the present Congress will place it all in the hands of a committee, in which event the present laws will be gone over and harmonized, and newer and more intelligible statutes will be recommended to Congress at its next session.

An entertaining proof of the liberality of interpretation in the Pension Office is found in a recent report of the Commissioner of Pensions, who, in commenting upon the act of June 27, 1890, in which the basis of ratings is incapacity to labor joined with incapacity to earn a support, says:

"The Department's interpretation of the law has been that under said act pension is provided only in cases when incapacity to labor joins with incapacity to earn a support. I am free to say that the practice has never been to inquire into the capacity of the claimant to earn a support. The prosperous have been pensioned alike, on application, with the less fortunate, plainly on showing disabilities or disease, without any reference to the claimant's wealth or capacity to earn a support."

Not Much Prospect of a Decrease

There have been many interesting estimates as to when our Pension Bill would begin to decrease. Garfield announced that the high-water mark had been reached twenty years ago, when the total was about forty per cent. of the present figures. Since that time there have been annual announcements that the maximum was in sight. But the trouble is that the laws and interpretations are constantly changing the bases for estimates. For instance: For the fiscal year 1899, though there were 2195 fewer pensioners than in 1898, the amount of money paid out was $649,496 more, for the simple reason that there had been an average annual increase in the value of all the pensions. In the table the total for 1898 is larger, because it contained nearly $7,000,000 of pensions belonging to 1897.

There are to-day on the pension list several widows and daughters of Revolutionary soldiers, nearly 2000 widows of the soldiers of the War of 1812, between 5000 and 6000 survivors and widows of the Indian wars, and over 17,000 survivors and widows of the Mexican War.

But the fact which has a peculiarly interesting and important bearing upon any calculation we might make about the future of the pension laws is that the average annual value of the pensions granted under the war with Spain is higher than that for any war in the history of the country. With this liberality to the survivors of the war in which few were killed, there must, of course, be a larger generosity toward the veterans of the Civil War, who will be able to wield a powerful political pressure in their demands.

MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR

MISS OTIE CHEW

Why Miss Chew's Father Protested

A new star in the American musical world is Miss Otie Chew, a young and pretty English girl who enjoys a high position in Europe as a violin virtuoso. Miss Chew tells a pleasant story about her early training. Her father was a musical enthusiast, and to stimulate ambition promised her one day sixpence for every new tune or piece she would master.

Though but six years old, she had a keen business sense and immediately devoted herself to very short compositions, chiefly popular songs and dances. At the end of a month her father protested

"I take it all back," he said; "I must either compromise or become bankrupt. Hereafter instead of sixpence apiece I will allow you sixpence a day

The Congressman's Misplaced Compliment

Dr. James Walker, a well known physician of San Francisco, in discussing the necessity of tact in political life, tells the following incident:

"We had a candidate, one year, for reelection, a Congressman. It was a very close fight and everything depended upon holding all our voters together. The campaign was to end with a mass meeting, where the candidate was to be the chief speaker. The committee had discovered that the enemy had made a slight inroad upon some of our Irish voters, and warned the speakers to be extremely careful in all of their references to the Emerald Isle and its people. The Congressman, when spoken to, drew himself up proudly and said:

"'Leave it to my discretion, gentlemen. I will not offend them. I will charm them.'

"And he did

"On the closing night he said, almost at the beginning of his oration: 'I am glad to see so many here to-night who come from the little green island beyond the sea, the land of Tom Moore and Father Prouty, of romance and of verse. Americans can never be too grateful to the Irish race for what it has performed in the New World. The names of Patrick Henry and Generals Montgomery and Sheridan will go ringing down through the corridors of time. And America has tried often to express her gratitude. When the great famine threatened death to Ireland, she sent provisions by the shipload across the sea, and here in this, our city, where American ingenuity has invented the street sweeper which does the work of fifty Irishmen, who formerly performed this task, we have kindly and appropriately called it the steam paddy.'

"There was a shout, a yell, a crash, and the meeting was broken up forever. I believe that the infuriated Milesians chased the candidate a mile."

Mrs. Dewey's Ready Wit

The wife of the Admiral of the Navy is noted for her brightness at repartee. At the time of her engagement to the hero of Manila Bay she was much annoyed at the publicity given to her every movement, and very sensitive to criticism. An editor of one of the Washington papers called to her over the telephone one day in regard to a photograph that had been sent to him to use in a descriptive article

"It is so poor," explained the editor, who was an old friend of Mrs. Dewey's, "that I dislike to use it. Are you sure you know which one I refer to?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Dewey, "that's all right."

"But I don't think it is all right," said the editor. "Don't you want justice done you?"

"No," replied Mrs. Dewey, "I only hope for mercy."

Professor Brown, the New Government Astronomer

Professor Simon J. Brown, the new Astronomical Director of the Naval Observatory, defines luck as the faculty of being prepared to embrace every opportunity that presents itself. He has no patience with scientific men who are constantly invoking political influence. No temptations have ever induced him to resort to this aid, and he has risen to his high office entirely through merit, confidence in himself and fearlessness of those high in authority.

Professor Brown's career has been most successful. He grew up in the little town of Hammondsport, New York, at a time when the martial element dominated the country. A sword and General's epaulets represented, at that period, the *Ultima Thule* of his ambitions, and, unknown to his family, he applied to the member of Congress from his district for a cadetship at West Point.

"I have some one already in view for the place, a personal friend," responded the Congressman sharply to the ambitious lad.

"But you have no right," argued Brown, "you have no right to bestow this appointment upon a personal friend. It is a public trust. You owe it to the people to give it to the most competent person you can find, a boy who will make the most out of the position, who will best serve his country."

The Congressman listened attentively to the boy's earnest argument and finally promised that he would give the cadetship to the most successful candidate in a competitive examination. The promise was not kept, but the politician redeemed himself by naming young Brown to a cadetship at Annapolis on the completion of his first year at Cornell, whither he had gone to study civil engineering. A naval career did not appeal to his tastes, however, and a few years after his examination Midshipman Brown applied for a professorship of mathematics in the Navy.

"But you have no political indorsements," said the Secretary of the Navy, when Mr. Brown presented his papers.

"No," responded the young officer, "I have none. I had a few letters of that character but have withdrawn them. They were perfunctory, the people who wrote them did not know me, and their praise amounts to nothing. If I cannot get the appointment upon my own merits and upon my record I do not want it."

The Secretary argued, but the young man was obdurate. No amount of persuasion would induce him to change his mind, and he was ultimately appointed through no influence except that of his own excellent work at the Naval Academy, at Cornell, and in the Coast and Geodetic Survey, where he held an important commission for a while.

Like most men of his profession Professor Brown is not given to joking, but occasionally he indulges in a bit of humor. On one occasion a colleague came into his office and, finding the Professor standing, said:

"Is it possible you work that way? I cannot stand standing."

"That's peculiar," replied Professor Brown quickly; "now, do you know, I cannot stand sitting."

How a Physician Helped Mansfield to Fame

On the morning of January 10, 1883, Richard Mansfield, the actor, woke up in New York probably a trifle nervous, because he was to appear in a new part that night, and certainly unknown so far as the public was concerned. The next morning he awoke to find himself famous. As Baron Chevrial in A Parisian Romance, produced by Mr. A. M. Palmer at the Union Square Theatre, he had taken to himself the chief honors of the production, and had made a comparatively unimportant rôle the principal part in the play. The morning newspapers gave full columns to the review, and Mr. Mansfield's name was starred in the headlines, as it has been almost ever since in his own playbills.

"Mr. Mansfield," said Mr. Palmer the other day, "had been playing the part of the Chancellor in Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera, Iolanthe, and met with an accident in Baltimore which caused him to leave the road. He returned to New York and I engaged him for the Union Square Stock Company. When I accepted A Parisian Romance, I cast Mr. J. H. Stoddart, who played old-man parts, for the rôle. But he declined it, and I asked Mr. Mansfield if he thought he could play it.

"'I'll try,' he said, and he set to work at once. One day at a rehearsal I noticed a stranger in the front of the house. I asked Mr. Mansfield who he was. He said that he was his physician, who had been helping him study the part. The Baron, you know, is stricken with paralysis on the stage, which deadens one side of his body. The night of the first performance Mr. Mansfield made the greatest hit of the play, and his success and that of the play was at once assured.'

RICHARD MANSFIELD AND HIS SON

MISS LEONORA JACKSON

Miss Jackson's Left-Handed Compliment

The career of a successful musician is full of happy incidents and adventures. Miss Leonora Jackson, the American violin virtuoso, is no exception to the rule. She was a favorite pupil under Joachim, who predicted for her the triumphs she has had.

In England she was, to use English Court language, commanded to appear before the Queen. She was overjoyed at the invitation, but knowing of the Monarch's thorough knowledge of the great performers of the world, went in fear and trembling. She had herself properly instructed in Court etiquette, but even when pronounced perfect by her teacher, she was nevertheless certain that she would commit some breach of Court rules. To her surprise, nothing of the sort occurred. She was applauded by every one, from the Queen down, and when she left took with her a jewel set in rubies, diamonds and sapphires as a compliment to her nationality and herself.

Her favorite reminiscence concerns the great New England poet-humorist, Oliver Wendell Holmes. There was quite an attachment between the two, he admiring her musical genius, and she his intellectuality and achievements. Whenever she could she visited the doctor and played to him his favorite pieces or her own compositions. On one occasion he told her that at one time he had a yearning to be a violinist himself, and that he had devoted many hours to master the difficult instrument, but he added:

"While I had the requisite talent, my dear, I had overlooked the fact that all my fingers were thumbs, which, as you know, is very good for writing, but the worst possible thing for fiddling."

Among her treasures is a copy of Over the Teacups, which he gave her at the time. On the flyleaf is the simple inscription:

> "To Miss Leonora Jackson.—With the kind regards and best wishes of her listening and admiring friend, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Boston, January 4, 1894."

Miss Jackson is quick at repartee. At a crowded reception given in the dressing-room of a well-known public hall where she was to play, in honor of her return from Europe, one of her admirers waxed eloquent, thus:

"You have done more for the Stars and Stripes abroad than our arms did in the war with Spain."

"I am very much obliged to you," was the quick response, "but I really did not know my execution was as deadly as all that."

A Story of Oom Paul's Postmaster

When Isaac Van Alphen, the Postmaster-General of the Transvaal and a warm friend of "Oom Paul," was in this country in attendance on the Postal Congress, he had an amusing experience which he still likes to refer to. Walking arm in arm with a friend near the Pennsylvania station in Baltimore one day, the distinguished foreigner was approached by a policeman, who announced that Van Alphen had been ordered to appear before the coroner to act as a juror.

"By what authority do you ask this?"

"By the authority of the State of Maryland."

"I acknowledge no such authority," said Van Alphen, the humor of the situation breaking upon him.

"You acknowledge no such authority?" repeated the policeman with amazement. "What do you mean?"

"Well," announced Mr. Van Alphen nonchalantly, "I am a resident of Pretoria in the South African Republic, and I don't acknowledge the authority of the State of Maryland in this instance."

"Pretoria, South African Republic!" echoed the policeman, puzzled for a moment, but finally he begged Mr. Van Alphen's pardon and walked away saying, audibly, "Well, you're about the whitest 'coon' I ever saw."

Three MEN on Four Wheels

By Jerome K. Jerome

Copyright, 1899, by Jerome K. Jerome. Copyright

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS. The three men—Harris, George and the author—are on a bicycle tour through Germany. A tandem and a safety are the mounts.

In the Toils of German Law

ALL three of us, by some means or another, managed between Nuremburg and the Black Forest to get into trouble. Harris led off at Stuttgart by insulting an official. Stuttgart is a charming town, clean and bright, a smaller Dresden. It has the additional attraction of containing little that one need go out of one's way to see: a medium-sized picture gallery, a small museum of antiquities, and half a palace, and you are through with the entire thing and can enjoy yourself. Harris did not know it was an official he was insulting. He took it for a fireman (it looked like a fireman), and he called it a "dammer Esel."

In Germany you are not permitted to call an official a "silly ass," but undoubtedly this particular man was one. What had happened was this: Harris in the Stadtgarten, anxious to get out, and seeing a gate open before him, had stepped over a wire into the street. Harris maintains he never saw it, but undoubtedly there was hanging to the wire a notice, "Durchgang Verboten!" The man, who was standing just outside the gate, stopped Harris and pointed out to him this notice. Harris thanked him and passed on. The man came after him and explained that treatment of the matter in such offhand way could not be allowed; what was necessary to put the business right was that Harris should step back over the wire into the garden. Harris pointed out to the man that the notice said "going through forbidden," and that, therefore, by reentering the garden that way he would be infringing the law a second time. The man saw this for himself, and suggested that to get over the difficulty Harris should go back into the garden by the proper entrance which was around the corner, and come out again by the same gate. Then it was that Harris called the man a silly ass. That delayed us a day and cost Harris forty marks.

I followed suit at Carlsruhe by stealing a bicycle. I did not mean to steal the bicycle; I was merely trying to be useful. The train was on the point of starting when I remembered as I thought Harris' bicycle still in the goods van. No one was about to help me. I jumped into the van and hauled it out only just in time. Wheeling it down the platform in triumph, I came across Harris' bicycle standing against a wall behind some milk cans. The bicycle I had secured was not Harris', but some other man's.

■

It was an awkward situation. In England I should have gone to the station master and explained my mistake. But in Germany they are not content with your explaining a little matter of this sort to one man; they take you around and get you to explain it to about half a dozen, and if any one of the half dozen happens not to be handy, or not to have time just then to listen to you, they have a habit of leaving you over for the night to finish your explanation the next morning. I thought I would just put the thing out of sight, and then, without making any fuss or show, take a short walk. I found a woodshed which seemed just the very place, and was wheeling the bicycle into it when, unfortunately, a red-hatted railway official, with the airs of a retired Field Marshal, caught sight of me and came up. He said:

"What are you doing with that bicycle?"

The man stopped Harris

I said: "I am going to put it in this woodshed out of the way." I tried to convey by my tone that I was performing a kind and thoughtful action for which the railway officials ought to thank me; but he was unresponsive.

"Is it your bicycle?" he said.

"Well, not exactly," I replied.

"Whose is it?" he asked quite sharply.

"I can't tell you," I answered. "I don't know whose bicycle it is."

"Where did you get it from?" was his next question. There was a suspiciousness about his tone that was almost insulting.

"I got it," I answered with as much calm dignity as at the moment I could assume, "out of the train. The fact is," I continued frankly, "I have made a mistake."

He did not allow me time to finish. He merely said he thought so, too, and blew a whistle.

■

Recollection of the subsequent proceedings is not, so far as I am concerned, amusing. By a miracle of good luck—they say Providence watches over certain of us—the incident happened in Carlsruhe, where I possess a German friend, an official of some importance. Upon what would have been my fate had the station not been Carlsruhe, or had my friend been from home, I do not care to dwell; as it was, I got off, as the saying is, by the skin of my teeth. I should like to add that I left Carlsruhe without a stain upon my character, but that would not be the truth. My going scot free is regarded in police circles there to this day as a grave miscarriage of justice.

But all lesser sin sinks into insignificance beside the lawlessness of George. The bicycle incident had thrown us all into confusion, with the result that we lost George altogether. It transpired subsequently that he was waiting for us outside the police court; but this at the time we did not know. We thought maybe he had gone on to Baden by himself and, anxious to get away from Carlsruhe, and not perhaps thinking out things too clearly, we jumped into the next train that came up and proceeded thither. When George, tired of waiting, returned to the station he found us gone, and he found his luggage gone. Harris had his ticket. I was acting as banker to the party, so that he had in his pocket only some small change. Excusing himself upon these grounds he thereupon commenced deliberately a career of crime that, reading it later as set forth baldly in the official summons, made the hair of Harris and myself almost to stand on end.

German traveling, it may be explained, is somewhat complicated. You buy a ticket at the station you start from for the place you want to go to. You might think this would enable you to get there, but it does not. When your train comes up you attempt to swarm into it, but the guard magnificently waves you away. Where are your credentials? You show him your ticket. He explains to you that by itself that is of no service whatever, you have only taken the first step toward traveling, you must go back to the booking office and get in addition what is called a "schnellzug" ticket. With this you return, thinking your troubles over. You are allowed to get in; so far so good. But you must not sit down anywhere, and you must not stand still, and you must not wander about. You must take another ticket, this time what is called a "platz" ticket, which entitles you to a place for a certain distance.

What a man could do who persisted in taking nothing but the one ticket I have often wondered. Would he be entitled to run behind the train on the six-foot way? Or could he stick a label on himself and get into the goods van? Again, what would be done with the man who, having taken his schnellzug ticket, obstinately refused or had not the money to take a platz ticket; would they let him lie in the umbrella rack, or allow him to hang himself out of window?

To return to George, he had just sufficient money to take a third class, slow train ticket to Baden, and that was all. To avoid the inquisitiveness of the guard, he waited till the train was moving and then jumped in.

■

That was his first sin. (*a*) Entering a train in motion; (*b*) after being warned not to do so by an official.

Second sin: (*a*) Traveling in train of superior class to that for which ticket was held. (*b*) Refusing to pay difference when demanded by an official. (George says he did not "refuse"; he simply told the man he had not got it.)

Third sin: (*a*) Traveling in carriage of superior class to that for which ticket was held. (*b*) Refusing to pay difference when demanded by an official. (Again George disputes the accuracy of the report. He turned his pockets out, and offered the man all he had, which was about eightpence in German money. He offered to go into a third class, but there was no third class. He offered to go into the goods van, but they would not hear of it.)

Opening the window, he bombarded the spot

Fourth sin: (*a*) Occupying seat and not paying for same. (*b*) Loitering about corridor. (As they would not let him sit down without paying, and as he could not pay, it was difficult to see what else he could do.)

But explanations are held as no excuse in Germany; and his journey from Carlsruhe to Baden was one of the most expensive perhaps on record.

Reflecting upon the ease and frequency with which one gets into trouble here in Germany, one is led to the conclusion that this country would come as a boon and a blessing to the average young Englishman. To the medical student, to the eater of dinners at the Temple, to the subaltern on leave, life in London is a wearisome proceeding. The healthy Briton takes his pleasure lawlessly or it is no pleasure to him. Nothing that he may do affords him any genuine satisfaction. To be in trouble of some sort is his only idea of bliss. Now, England affords him small opportunity in this respect; to get himself into a scrape requires a good deal of persistence on the part of the young Englishman.

■

I spoke on this subject one day with our senior churchwarden. It was the morning of the tenth of November, and we were both of us glancing somewhat anxiously through the police reports. The usual batch of young men had been summoned for creating the usual disturbance the night before at the Criterion. My friend, the churchwarden, has boys of his own, and a nephew of mine, upon whom I am keeping a fatherly eye, is by a fond mother supposed to be in London for the sole purpose of studying engineering. No name we knew happened, by fortunate chance, to be in the list of those detained in custody, and, relieved, we fell to moralizing upon the folly and depravity of youth.

"It is very remarkable," said my friend, the churchwarden, "how the Criterion retains its position in this respect. It was just so when I was young; the evening always wound up with a row at the Criterion."

"I should imagine," I remarked.

"So monotonous," he replied. "You have no idea," he continued, a dreamy expression stealing over his furrowed face, "how unutterably tired one can become of the walk from Piccadilly Circus to the Vine Street Police Court. Yet, what else was there for us to do? Simply nothing. Sometimes we would put out a street lamp and a man would come around and light it again. If one insulted a policeman he simply took no notice. He did not even know he was being insulted; or if he did he seemed not to care. You could fight a Covent Garden porter if you fancied yourself at that sort of thing. Generally speaking, the porter got the best of it; and when he did it cost you five shillings, and when he did not the price was half a sovereign. I could never see much excitement in that particular sport. I tried driving a hansom cab once; that has always been regarded as the acme of modern Tom-and-Jerryism. I stole it late one night from outside a public-house in Dean Street, and the first thing that happened to me was that I was hailed in Leicester Square by an old lady surrounded by three children,

Editor's Note—Three Men on Four Wheels was begun in the Post of January 6. Each chapter is practically an independent story and may be read with enjoyment without reference to preceding installments.

two of them crying and the third one asleep. Before I could get away she had shot the children into the cab, taken my number, paid me, so she said, a shilling over the legal fare, and directed me to an address beyond what she called North Kensington. As a matter of fact, the place turned out to be the other side of Willesden. The horse was tired, and the journey took us well over two hours. It was the slowest lark I ever remember being concerned in. I tried once or twice to persuade the children to let me take them back to the old lady; but every time I opened the trap door to speak to them, the youngest one, the boy, started screaming, and when I offered other drivers to transfer the job to them, most of them replied in the words of a song popular about that period 'Oh, George, Don't You Think You're Going Just a Bit Too Far?' One man offered to take home to my wife any last message I might be thinking of, while another promised to organize a party to come and dig me out in the spring.

"When I had mounted the dickey I had imagined myself driving a peppery old Colonel to some lonesome and cabless region, half a dozen miles from where he wanted to go, and there leaving him upon the curbstone to swear. About that there might have been good sport, or there might not, according to the circumstances, and the Colonel. The idea of a trip to an outlying suburb in charge of a nursery full of helpless infants had never occurred to me."

"No," concluded my friend, the churchwarden, with a sigh, "London affords but limited opportunity to the lover of the illegal."

Now, in Germany, on the other hand, trouble is to be had for the asking. There are many things in Germany that you must not do that are quite easy to do. To any young Englishman yearning to get himself into a scrape, and finding himself hampered in his own country, I should advise a single ticket to Germany; a return, lasting as it does only two months, might prove a waste.

In the Police Guide of the Fatherland he will find set forth a list of the things the doing of which will bring to him interest and excitement. In Germany you must not hang your bed out of window. He might begin with that. By waving his bed out of window he could get into trouble before he had had his breakfast. At home he might hang himself out of window and nobody would mind much, provided he did not obstruct anybody's ancient lights or break away and injure any passer underneath.

In Germany you must not wear fancy dress in the streets. A Highlander of my acquaintance, who came to pass the winter in Dresden, spent the first week of his residence there in arguing this question with the Saxon Government. They asked him what he was doing in those clothes. He was not an amiable man. He answered he was wearing them. They asked him why he was wearing them. He replied to keep himself warm. They told him frankly that they did not believe him, and sent him back to his lodgings in a closed landau. The personal testimony of the English Minister was necessary to assure the authorities that the Highland garb was the customary dress of many respectable law abiding British subjects. They accepted the statement, as diplomatically bound, but retain their private opinion to this day. The English tourist they have grown accustomed to. But a Leicestershire gentleman, invited to hunt with some German officers, on appearing outside his hotel was promptly marched off, horse and all, to explain his frivolity at the police court.

Another thing you must not do in the streets of German towns is to feed horses, mules or donkeys, whether your own or those belonging to other people. If a passion seizes you to feed somebody else's horse, you must make an appointment with the animal, and the meal must take place in some properly authorized place. You must not break glass or china in the street, nor, in fact, in any public resort whatever, and if you do you must pick up all the pieces. What you are to do with the pieces when you have gathered them together I cannot say. The only thing I know for certain is that you are not permitted to throw them anywhere, to leave them anywhere, or apparently to part with them in any way whatever. Presumably you are expected to carry them about with you until you die, and then be buried with them. Or, maybe, you are allowed to swallow them.

In German streets you must not shoot with a cross-bow. The German law maker does not content himself with the misdeeds of the average man: the crimes one feels one wants to do, but must not; he worries himself imagining all the things a wandering maniac might do. In Germany there is no law against a man standing on his head in the middle of the road; the idea has not occurred to them. One of these days a German statesman, visiting a circus and seeing acrobats, will reflect upon this omission. Then he will straightway set to work and frame a clause forbidding people from standing on their heads in the middle of the road, and fixing a fine. This is the charm of German law: misdemeanor in Germany has its fixed price. You are not kept awake all night, as in England, wondering whether you will get off with a caution, be fined forty shillings or, catching the magistrate in an unhappy moment for yourself, get seven days. You know exactly what your fun is going to cost you. You can spread out your money on the table, open your Police Guide, and plan out your evening to a fifty-pfennig piece. For a really cheap evening I would recommend walking on the wrong side of the pavement after being cautioned not to do so. I calculate that by choosing your district and keeping to the quiet side streets you could walk for a whole evening on the wrong side of the pavement at a cost of little over three marks.

In German towns you must not ramble about after dark "in droves." I am not quite sure how many constitute a "drove," and no official to whom I have spoken on this subject has felt himself competent to fix the exact number. I once put it to a German friend who was starting to the theatre with his wife, his mother in law, five children of his own, his sister and her fiancé, and two nieces, if he did not think he was running a risk. He did not take my suggestion as a joke. He cast an eye over the group.

"Oh, I don't think so," he said; "you see, we are all one family."

"The paragraph says nothing about its being a family drove or not," I replied. "It simply says 'drove.' I do not mean it in any uncomplimentary sense; but, speaking etymologically, I am inclined personally to regard your collection as a 'drove.' Whether the police will take the same view or not remains to be seen. I am merely warning you."

My friend was inclined to pooh pooh my fears, but, his wife thinking it better not to run any risk of having the party broken up at the very beginning of the evening, they divided, arranging to meet again in the theatre lobby.

"WHERE DID YOU GET IT FROM?"

Another passion you must restrain in Germany is that prompting you to throw things out of window. Cats are no excuse. During the first week of my residence in Germany I was awakened incessantly by cats. One night I got mad. I collected a small arsenal: two or three pieces of coal, a few hard pears, a couple of candle ends, an old egg I found on the kitchen table, an empty soda-water bottle and a few articles of that sort, and, opening the window, bombarded the spot from where the noise appeared to come. I do not suppose I hit anything; I never knew a man who did hit a cat, even when he could see it, except, maybe, by accident when aiming at something else. I have known crack shots, winners of Queen's prizes—that sort of men—shoot with shot-guns at rats fifty yards away and never hit a hair. I have often thought that instead of bull's-eyes, running deer and that rubbish, the really superior marksman would be he who could boast that he had shot the cat.

But, anyhow, they moved off; maybe the egg annoyed them. I had noticed when I picked it up that it did not look like a good egg, and I went back to bed again, thinking the incident closed. Ten minutes afterward there came a violent ringing. Putting on my dressing-gown, I went down to the gate. A policeman was standing there. He had all the things I had been throwing out of the window in a little heap in front of him, all except the egg; he had evidently been collecting them. He said:

"Are these things yours?"

I said: "They were mine, but personally I have done with them. Anybody can have them—*you* can have them."

He ignored my offer. He said:

"You threw these things out of window?"

"You are right," I admitted; "I did."

"Why did you throw them out of window?" he asked. A German policeman has his code of questions arranged for him; he never varies them, and he never omits one.

"I threw them out of the window at some cats," I answered.

"What cats?" he asked.

It was the sort of question a German policeman would ask. I replied with as much sarcasm as I could put into my accent that I was ashamed to say I could not tell him what cats. I explained that personally they were strangers to me; but I offered, if the police would call all the cats in his district together, to come around and see if I could recognize them by their yawl.

The German policeman does not understand a joke, which is, perhaps, on the whole, just as well, for I believe there is a heavy fine for joking with any German uniform; they call it "treating an official with contumely." He merely replied that it was not the duty of the police to help me recognize the cats; their duty was merely to fine me for throwing things out of window.

I asked what a man was supposed to do in Germany when wakened night after night by cats, and he explained that I could lodge an information against the owner of the cat, when the police would proceed to caution him, and, if necessary, order the cat to be destroyed; who was going to destroy the cat, and what the cat would be doing during the process, he did not explain.

I asked him how he proposed I should discover the owner of the cat. He thought for a while and then suggested that I might follow it home. I did not feel inclined to argue with him any more after that; I should only have said things that would have made the matter worse. As it was, that night's sport cost me twelve marks, and not a single one of the six German officials who interviewed me on the subject could see anything ridiculous in the proceedings from beginning to end.

But in Germany most human faults and follies sink into insignificance beside the enormity of walking on the grass. Nowhere, and under no circumstances, may you at any time in Germany walk upon the grass. Grass in Germany is quite a fetich. To put your foot on German grass would be as great a sacrilege as to dance a hornpipe on a Mohammedan's praying mat. The very dogs respect the German grass, no German dog would dream of putting a paw upon it. If you see a dog scampering across the grass in Germany you may know for certain that it is the dog of some unholy foreigner. In England, when we want to keep dogs out of places we put up wire netting, six feet high, supported by buttresses, and defended on the top by spikes. In Germany they put a notice board in the middle of the place. "Hunds verboten," and a dog that has German blood in its veins looks at that notice-board and walks away. In a German park I have seen a gardener step gingerly with felt boots on to a grass plot, and removing therefrom a beetle, place it gravely but firmly on the gravel, which done he stood sternly watching that beetle to see that it did not try to get back on to the grass; and the beetle, looking utterly ashamed of itself, walked hurriedly down the gutter and turned up the first path marked "Way out."

In German parks separate roads are devoted to the different orders of the community, and no one person, at peril of his liberty and fortune, may go upon another person's road. There are special paths for "wheel-riders," and special paths for "foot goers," avenues for "horse riders," roads for people in light vehicles, and roads for people in heavy vehicles; ways for children and for "alone ladies." That no particular route has yet been set aside for bald-headed men or "new women" has always struck me as an omission.

In the Grosse Garten, in Dresden, I once came across an old lady standing helpless and bewildered in the centre of seven tracks. Each was guarded by a threatening notice warning everybody off it but the person for whom it was intended.

"I am sorry to trouble you," said the old lady, on learning I could speak English and read German, "but would you mind telling me what I am and where I have to go?"

I inspected her carefully. I came to the conclusion that she was a "grown-up" and a "foot-goer," and pointed out her path. She looked at it and seemed disappointed.

"But I don't want to go down there," she said; "I want to go this way?"

"Great Heavens, no, madam!" I replied. "That path is reserved for children."

"But I wouldn't do them any harm," said the old lady with a smile. She did not look the sort of old lady who would have done them any harm.

"Madam," I replied, "if it rested with me I would trust you down that path, though my own first-born were at the other end; but I can only inform you of the laws of this country. For you, a full grown woman, to venture down that path is to go to certain fine, if not imprisonment. There is your path marked plainly, 'Nur fur Fussganger,' and if you will follow my advice you will hasten down it; you are not allowed to stand here and hesitate."

"It doesn't lead a bit in the direction I want to go," said the old lady.

"It leads in the direction you *ought* to want to go," I replied, and we parted.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA

March 3, 1900

$2.50 the Year by Subscription
5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

The British Darius and His War

MOST of us feel that in the end England will thrash the Boers because her resources are incomparably greater than theirs. Nevertheless, history records some remarkable cases in which victory was not to the strong. There is an extremely curious and suggestive parallel between the present situation and what was going on in the world exactly twenty-four hundred years ago. At that time Persia was the Great Britain of the world. She had made a royal province out of India. She had "civilized" Egypt with Persian government and she had undertaken the "White Man's Burden" with respect to Scythia and the wild countries north of European Greece. Besides, she governed all Asia Minor, which was then the centre of civilization.

About 500 B. C. a great man was in charge of the Persian Empire. His name was Darius. He was as ambitious and energetic as the young Emperor William, and he had as much ability as Bismarck. He was probably more able than any statesman in England to-day, abler even than Joseph Chamberlain.

At this time there were several little pocket governments in the Greek peninsula which annoyed Darius. One of them was Attica and another was Sparta. The whole of them would have been lost in one of Darius' colonies. He doubtless thought of them as England thought of the Boers twenty years ago; that is, he gave them no particular thought at all. But these little republics began to annoy him by blocking his policy of annexing the Greek states, which Darius regarded as their manifest and happy destiny.

Deciding to put an end to this kind of thing, he sent a large force of men and of ships to "benevolently assimilate" Greece. There was a hitch in the proceedings, however, at Marathon and all the Persians who could went back to Persia, but a great many needed the services of Greek undertakers. In a general way this episode might be called Darius' "Majuba Hill." It should have been a warning to him.

Then an outbreak in Egypt occupied his attention for a [illegible] Egyptians who had sent to [illegible] Darius was [illegible] He was a Greek [illegible] at Babylon. But this was promptly settled, and then [illegible] began to arrange for suppressing the [illegible] of Greece. It seems odd to us, but he really thought he was conferring a blessing on the Greeks by undertaking the management of their affairs. He died in 485 B. C., before his preparations were finished, but his son Xerxes held the same liberal views as did his parent and as Mr. Joseph Chamberlain holds.

Xerxes, however, differed from Mr. Chamberlain in having a better idea of what he was "up against." Instead of sending a hundred thousand men to Greece, as did England to South Africa, he sent a million, and he sent besides twelve hundred ships of war. His troops and his ships were not armed with rapid fire guns, but neither were the Greeks. Relatively the Persians were as well armed and equipped as the English are to-day, perhaps better, for Darius had been the head of the Persian War Office himself, and he knew more about such things than Lord Wolseley.

Everybody in Persia said, "We shall finish the job this time and then we shall own the whole world." No one thought of the Greeks winning. There were more fighting men in the Persian army than there were men, women and children in the two Greek states which bore the brunt of the Persian attack. Attica had less than a half million of inhabitants at this time and only about one in five were Athenians. The rest were slaves and "metics," which was the Greek name for "outlanders." The outlanders in Attica were worse off than those in the Transvaal. They had no civil rights at all, and could never get any except by special act of the legislature. Under Persian rule, of course, they would be liberated and put upon the same plane as the Athenians. Twenty thousand fighting men was an outside figure for the force which Athens could muster, and Sparta was in about the same position. These figures are curiously similar to the estimates of the Boer strength before the recent war began.

After preparing for nearly ten years Persia began her expedition. Xerxes, instead of being the Honorary Colonel of yeomanry regiments and staying at home like Albert Edward, went along with his army, wherein he probably was not so helpful to his country as the Prince of Wales has been.

With his million men he reached a place called Thermopylæ in the spring of 480 B. C. Here he won a sort of "Modder River" victory. There was a pass in the hills and behind a breastwork were three hundred Spartans and some allies. Think of it! Xerxes could kill three hundred soldiers every day for five years, including Sundays, and still have nearly half a million left.

Well, Xerxes got up on a hill to see his men cut up the first sample of Greeks who were foolish enough not to run away, and he waited there all day. In the end the "position was taken," but Xerxes' best troops lay in piles all around the wall. Still, he was confident of his resources.

The next event of importance was a sea fight. A thousand of Xerxes' ships fought with three hundred and sixty-six Greek ships at Salamis. Xerxes watched that battle, too, and saw two hundred of his vessels destroyed and the rest "fall back" as fast as possible. He went home then and left his Lord Roberts, whose name was Mardonius, with three hundred thousand men, all he had left, to finish the job. At Platæa, Mardonius met an allied Greek force one-third the size of his army, and was routed. Xerxes then gave up the benevolent assimilation of Greece and the liberation of the outlanders at Athens.

Whatever may have been the reasons for the failure of the Persians, it is a fact that their resources were greater as compared with the resources of the Greeks than are the resources of the English as compared with the Boers. They had just completed an empire as Great Britain has done, only it was a bigger and richer empire. It would seem to follow that resources are not everything in cases where small but determined states protest against the spread of civilization as conducted by statesmen of the school of Darius and Joseph Chamberlain.

—DAVID GRAY.

Possibly it was 1900 the English meant when they said that they would eat their Christmas dinner in Pretoria.

The Patriot at the Polls

THE report of the legislative committee appointed to investigate the administration of the municipal affairs of the city of Greater New York mentions the evils it has found, laments their existence, and says that there is no legislative remedy for them—that the remedy is in the hands of the people who elect the administrative officials.

Taking up the report with this conclusion, that a government whose legislation is perfect may be rendered defective by maladministration, the student of political science will seek to determine the limiting point in our approach toward a perfect administration, the final limitation to good government. In the end he will find that the approach toward perfect government corresponds to the approach toward perfection in human nature.

Human nature is weak and to that extent is government defective. The voter will continue, for ages to come, to be influenced by personality. He will continue to vote for the demagogue who shakes his hand, sends him a turkey at Thanksgiving and attends the funerals of his relatives, in preference to the reformer who stands aloof and says, "Vote for me because I am honest." Then, too, the voter will continue to be a creature of habit, tending to vote as he voted last year and the year before. He will tend to vote in this way in spite of the fact that reform literature tells him he is being robbed by the officials he is helping to elect.

Then, too, human weakness will continue down through the ages to play pranks with the men elected to administer the affairs of government. A man may be elected with the best of intentions and still fall far short of giving a good administration. A man does not know himself till he is tried. A situation that seemed perfectly plain before election suddenly becomes complicated when the official faces it with power to act. Now he sees two sides to every question where before he had seen but one. Then, too, temptation comes in so subtle a manner that it does not seem temptation.

It is in no sense true that every man has his price, if we define price as money. But the statement will be much less questionable if we let price mean all sorts of influences, financial and other. One official will sell out for a certain number of banknotes. Another, who would resent with a blow the offer of a million dollars, will be bound hard and fast by a little kindness, such as an invitation to sail in a private yacht or the offer of a political job to a poor relative.

So our conclusions will in the end be that the limitations of good government correspond to the limitations of human nature. [illegible] We may cry for more legislation; we may exhort our fellows to go to the polls—it is our duty to do so, if we can thus improve the government—but if we expect perfection to be attained we shall be disappointed. If ever attained it will be ages hence when humanity has evolved into perfection and the millennium is at hand. Meanwhile the weaknesses in government will continue to be just as great as those in human nature.

—LEONIDAS HUBBARD, JR.

Some men who will not buy office try to get what they want by contributing to campaign funds.

The Curse of Wings

ONE of the things which were beyond the understanding of the old Hebrew writer, a bird's way in the air, is still somewhat too complex, or possibly too subtly simple, for the explanatory capacity of modern science. Even the tireless inventive genius so long applied to the dream of making a practical flying machine has been expended in vain upon the problem which every day is solved by the hawk. But what if some master should filch the avian secret and so confer upon man the boon of flight? Would it be a blessing?

Let us not say "Yes" all at once. Better think the question down to bed-rock before we base future civilization upon the tricksy ways of wind and wings. Unquestionably the sensation of flying free and far is a delightful one; we have all experienced it in a dream, when rising airily we floated away at will. Aerial paths are supremely inviting; they seem to lead so far, and into almost unimaginable mysteries beyond horizons and horizons succeeding one another in blue remoteness and astral splendors. But let us take the poet's vision of flight as true beyond discussion, and then turn and soberly look into the pessimistic end of the subject; for wings have propelled dragons, as well as angels.

With the ability to fly as high, as far and as fast as the birds, men could commit crimes of every description without fear of detection or capture. What would a burglar have to trouble him if at nightfall he could rise and wing away a hundred miles to the safe he meant to crack, do his work, pocket his wad of bills, and then fly five hundred miles or more in another direction, keeping far aloft all the while, to alight where he pleased? I imagine the midnight murderer, with wings as swift as a wild pigeon's on his shoulders. He slays his victim in cold blood, and when the sun rises he is washing the awful stain from his hands in some lonely mountain stream three or four hundred miles away. Of course the detectives and police would also have wings, but of what avail when the culprit would leave no track?

And the armies of nations would soar aloft to swarm hither and yonder in the blue sky above the countries marked for destruction. Down from heaven they would swoop to ravage and plunder, to burn cities and to bear away the prizes of war. The anarchist with his poke of dynamite bombs would hover over the centres of law and government, letting fall his explosive arguments against the roofs of political temples, and then fan himself away among the stars, quite cheerful in absolute freedom from all danger, dread or restraint, a broad-pinioned arch-vulture, the tireless enemy of mankind, doing his will to a surfeit.

You may go on and fill out the dismal picture, and when it is finished hang it over against the poet's sketch of winged bliss. Look from one canvas to the other, and then pray fervently that not until men have become angels shall they be given the wings of a bird.

—MAURICE THOMPSON

Love can find a way but it would rather have an automobile.

Machine-Made Charity

NO SYMPATHY, no benevolence is practical or does much good unless it is real, personal and unaffected. Most of the good that is done to the poor, the outcast and the criminal is done by personal contact.

The real good which reaches and blesses the unfortunate comes from Christly and neighborly ministration. If one has not the power of putting himself in sympathy with such classes, he had, as a rule, better let them alone. Not every man, nor every society of men, that essays to provide for the poor, to instruct the ignorant, and to help the helpless understands the business. The tonic power of heartfelt sympathy, like many a balsam of the mountain and many an herb of the valley, is unknown in the market-places of philanthropy. The Samaritan attends to the wounds of his patient before he leaves him at the inn; but most charitable organizations think that they have discharged their full duty in footing the bills, and forget that there are certain rare spiritual tonics that refresh and strengthen the heartsick.

The age is machine-loving. Everything is done by rule and contrivance. There are all sorts of cunning machines for the simplest processes. So in the department of ethics, there are religious and social machines without number. "Has any man, or any society of men," says Carlyle, "a piece of spiritual work to do, they can in nowise proceed at once, and with the mere natural organs, but must first call a public meeting, appoint committees, issue prospectuses, eat a public dinner; in a word, construct or borrow machinery wherewith to do it." The rugged old Scotchman rightly intimates that such methods are unnatural. And for us, the question is serious and pertinent, whether in our love for the mechanical we are not losing sight of the personal element.

The Master entered into natural and personal relations with every human being that made a claim on His sympathy. His heart overflowed with the "enthusiasm of humanity." Only as something of that enthusiasm takes possession of us, and a new force is generated in our lives, can we make a lasting impression on the problem.

—H. C. KEGLEY.

Americans *in* Paris

THE Princes, Archdukes and Royalties who come up to Paris for the Exposition will be the guests of the city—of Philadelphia.

The way this came about is not uninteresting. France, in these republican days, has no State palaces for the accommodation of guests. The Louvre is tenanted only by pictures, statues and ghosts. In the old Luxembourg the old Senators drowse, and President Loubet and his official family more than fill the Élysée. And so it is necessary to rent a private mansion for the princely visitors of 1900. It was not easy to find just what was wanted—a palace completely isolated and in a good situation, well arranged, large, and capable of being made sumptuous. At last the Government decided upon the house that formerly belonged to Dr. Thomas Evans, the American dentist who died about three years ago. Doctor Evans hammered a huge fortune out of the teeth of the rich Parisians and of the Royalties of Europe. He left his money to various institutions. One of his heirs was the City of Philadelphia, and it will collect the rental for the "Hotel des Princes." It would please the good dentist, I am sure, could he know to what good uses his mansion will be put. He was a bit of a Royalist himself, as befits one who pulled the august teeth of Kings. He it was who arranged for the Empress Eugénie's escape from Paris when the Second Empire went down under its load of imperial crime and folly. Old and rich, the dentist built this palace in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, lived there a number of years, and died

CROWN-FILLINGS AND CROWNED HEADS

THE "Hotel Evans," as it is called, does not, of course, rival the palace which Anna Gould, the Countess of Castellane, has erected near by, and the other marble extravagances of the day; still, it would hold its own even in Fifth Avenue. It stands in the centre of a wooded garden—almost a park. The vestibule is very handsome, with its arcades and columns. The salons and halls are large, and there are numerous chambers. The woodwork, the carvings and decorations are all in good taste, luxurious, but simple. The furniture will be supplied by the State. In the garden there are two pavilions. In one of these the house-officers and outdoor servants will be lodged; the other will be the headquarters of the guard-of-honor.

If Mayor Ashbridge, of Philadelphia, comes to Paris this year I am quite sure the guard will turn out—in his honor and that of the once famous dentist.

Doctor Evans, by the way, was a very fine example of the sort of an American who makes his way in the world. He came to Europe when the dentist was still under suspicion of being a charlatan, before the craft was disassociated from the traveling band-wagon, the juggler and the barber. He not only revolutionized the business—and opened the way for the thousands of American dentists that have since come to Europe—but he forced the rather amazed Kings and courtiers to take him at his own value. He went to their palaces to fill their teeth, and they, in return, came to his palace to eat his dinners. When they lost their crown-fillings they sent for him. When they lost their crowns—and were afraid of losing their heads—they sent for him again. And in each case he was the man for the emergency.

"I am a good American," he told Alphonse Daudet once, "a democrat on principle, but I have a little of the monarchic temperament.

He would have enjoyed the notion of Philadelphia housing Princes in his mansion—but what a *fin de siècle* comedy it is!

AN ARGUMENT FOR VEGETARIAN DIET

THE new year has unleashed a pack of fiscal reports, statistics and all that. For example:

Last year American women bought hats and artificial flowers in Paris to the amount of $7,200,000. That is a very pretty figure. The English women bought only $4,000,000 worth, and Germany scarce $600,000 worth. The same official report discloses the melancholy fact that most of the false hair sold in France is for the American market.

Here is another report—a sort of whirligig that brings in its revenges: Last year 14,840 horses, 257 asses and forty mules were eaten in Paris. The Americans here go about looking at each other furtively, a dreadful suspicion in every heart; for there have been many breakfasts and dinners—and queer dishes—and then, one never knows. Of course it is not so much the horses; one may be a hippophagist on principle; but those other beasts

HOW IT FEELS TO BE A PERIWINKLE

AN INGENIOUS American, I believe, discovered the subtle pleasure there is in "shooting the chutes." A modification, or rather a development of his idea, is one of the attractions of the "midway" of the Exposition. It was Laurence Sterne (was it not?) who remarked that they do some things better in France. Now the Palace of the Sea is to the antique chute what the latest hippomobile is to the ox-carts of the Philistines. In the first place, you are inclosed in a diving-bell—a frail glass bulb fastened to a steel cable—and you descend not only through tumbling foam, but down a long chute of green water, where all sorts of queer sea things flutter at you. And, that the eurythm of Nature may not be disturbed, along the walls of the chute M. Marcel Moisson has painted grewsome submarine plants, and swimming monsters with eyes that look like—and perhaps are—electric lights. It is very thrilling, and you can't quite make up your mind whether the journey is too short or too long. While you are debating the question you are shot out into a sunlit lake—extracted from the glass bulb like a periwinkle from its shell—deposited at a café table and asked what you wish to order.

A SUGGESTION FROM THE JAVANESE CENSUS

IT WAS the same afternoon that the Baron Van Asbek asked me to visit the exhibit of the Dutch Indies. I shall not tell you about the Tjandi Sari, that most famous and most ancient temple of Java, which has been put up here by the Seine—still it is a marvelous piece of architecture, covered with sculpture that recalls the laughing beauties of the Renaissance. And marvelous, too, are the frescoes on the wall of the terrace, which tell the life of Buddha from birth to death. Nine centuries old, these paintings! When they were made we of the Western world were still barbarians. But I am not going to talk art or antiquity: have no fear. I bring you (from Sumatra) a new idea, which should reform our cities one and all. Around the temple has been built a native village modeled on those of the plateau of Padang. The houses are gay and barbarous, and very picturesque. The main point is that no two are alike. They are symbols, these houses, speaking a language plainer than Javanese. Here is one which announces, by its high *mansarde*, that it belongs to the oldest son of a noble family; the square door of another is the sign that a merchant lives there; the little house with a balcony and flowers is the home of a dancing girl or player. Delightfully simple, is it not?

A MODEST BREAKFAST—CHEAP, BUT CLEAN

MR. JULIAN RALPH, in the account he has written of his adventures, journalistic and quotidian, in France, omitted one little incident that did much to condemn him to public admiration. Mr. Ralph does not like Paris very much, for although every one talks French here, no one talks it quite as he does, and that is annoying. He was strolling along the Boulevard in rather a lonely mood when two of the newspaper correspondents came up; by a sort of premeditated hazard they came at the luncheon hour. Mr. Ralph greeted them like brothers. "You don't know how much good it does me to get a chance to talk English," he said. "Why, do you know what I did to-day?" They didn't know. "I got shaved three times this morning at the barber shop in the Grand Hotel—because the barber could say, 'Yizzir; thankee, sir.'"

They were strolling down the Boulevard des Italiens.

"Come and have a chop with me," said Mr. Ralph in his usual cheery way. "I noticed a little restaurant near here—quiet, modest, cheap-looking little place—but by the looks of it I am pretty sure we can get things clean, anyway. And of course we don't want much."

Mr. Ralph led the way into the "cheap little place, but clean." His friends raised their eyebrows, but they were too polite to say anything. They had their chops, with preface of oysters, fish and other good things, and a codicil of salad, cheese and fruit.

"Now, I suppose thousands of people walk past this place every day," said Mr. Ralph, "and never dream of coming; they'd rather go to some gaudy restaurant and waste money on mere style. I like things plain and simple and homelike. *Garçon*, the bill, *si vous plaît!*"

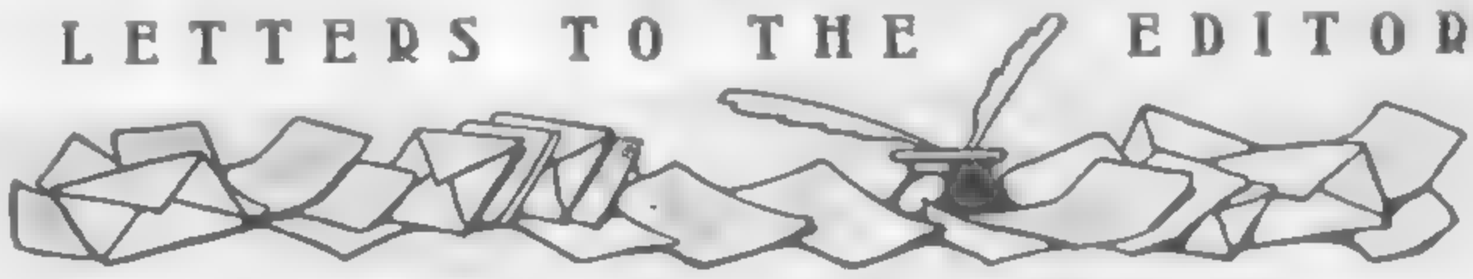
When the bill came it was Mr. Ralph who raised his eyebrows; it was—but never mind; Mr. Ralph's clean little place was the Café Anglais, the most expensive restaurant in Paris. I dare say that now, while he is eating camp fodder in the Transvaal, he'd like to face that luncheon again—bill and all!

ONE SPARKLE FROM THE COMET'S TAIL

SENATOR DEPEW left a trail of anecdotes behind him when last he went away from Paris. I have not heard many of them because I do not go to houses where people repeat Senator Depew's anecdotes. However, the following remark is passed about as authentic; indeed, you may see for yourself that the Senator's name, trade-mark and address are blown into the bottle. He said: "The Parisians are full of pretense. They are always trying to pull the wool over your eyes. Why, I know a man here who spends hundreds of thousands a year trying to make people believe he has a fortune."

—VANCE THOMPSON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Editor Saturday Evening Post

The articles containing the reasons for the successes and failures of young men, written by eminent men and containing much valuable information and direction, have elements in common which cause a tone of sameness—they are written from the same point of view—that is, by men who have succeeded; also, the writers, almost without exception, have risen from the ranks of below.

As do from the difference in individuality—which, after all, is the man—from the time of his birth to the day when the world discovers him, and by virtue of that discovery makes of him what it calls the successful man, every person is affected more or less, according to the strength of his individuality, by his environment, which is not always of his own choosing.

In all the causes of failure which have been enumerated, there is one, the influence of one's surroundings and responsibilities, which has not appeared. Speaking from personal observation, three-fourths of all the failures of those whose inclination is toward the right instead of toward the wrong is attributable directly to this cause.

One who is born of lowly parents, whose family demands nothing from him, who has no place to sustain from the time he first begins to apprehend his surroundings, with all his disadvantages has at least the privilege of creating his own responsibilities. The other has his responsibilities largely made for him and thrust upon him, much as is his name—without his consent or the right of choice.

The man who is honorable and upright under all circumstances—has the will power, in spite of temptations, to refrain from gambling, dissipation, loose and irregular habits, time-serving and idleness, to say nothing of actual dishonesty—should receive the full measure of credit which is his due. On the other hand, however, many a man who finally failed has withstood more temptation before failure came than many another has met with throughout a long and successful career.

The world demands from those who are in it that they sustain the position to which they have been born and bred. Not to sustain it means dropping out of one's environment. When this occurs the individual may continue to *exist;* he ceases to *live*. If he has sufficient courage he may give up his environment and try by years of effort to win it back. This requires a greater degree of moral heroism than most possess, and the average man will go down trying to sustain his position rather than face this situation. To try to sustain himself, even against almost impossible odds, is his plan and desire; the alternative means years of hardship, if not actual want and suffering, to those dependent upon him; and who can say how many have wrested success from seeming certain failure under these circumstances. It is the failures one hears of not the patient, daily plodder who is the kind and loving husband and father, the grandest *success* that thousands of years of civilization have produced, the class who are the backbone and sinew of every civilized country to-day, and still the one whom we never hear spoken of in the same breath with success.

ANDREW COLVIN.

Editor Saturday Evening Post

Being a young man, and having failed as often [illegible] could between the ages of eighteen and twenty-[illegible], consider myself to be something of an authority on the subject and one whose experience should not be lightly disregarded.

In the first place, what is failure? To a laborer it might seem that his son was successful if he became an accountant though he were a poor one; while a merchant prince would think his son had failed when he proved himself unable to conduct business affairs successfully, though he might be an expert accountant. No doubt the reason that the authors of the very excellent papers which have appeared in the Post have dwelt principally upon failure to reach and keep positions of great importance is because they occupy such places. However, he who earns a good living, keeps a good conscience and enjoys good health has not failed, be his station in life what it may; and if we consider this to be success, we have established an ideal which is not only attainable by most people, but which will inspire greater effort as well. Certainly no one could expect the mass of the people to engage in a strenuous competition to attain greatness. There is room for comparatively few great men, and even if it were possible to cause every individual to make it a life aim to become one of them, such effort would in most cases be useless, not to say foolish.

The ideal for young men ought not to be that he who does not do the best of any fails, but that he who does not do the best he can. In justice to the young men of to-day be it said that the latter is more often taken as a guiding principle than the former.

CHESTER L. CHAMBERS.

Table Rock, Nebraska.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

In Mr. Woollen's communication anent the Why Young Men Fail articles he says: "Young men are not devoted to their work because they are not in love with it."

This is very obvious, of course. A person cannot relish a noxious dish. Some at our ten cent "museums" swallow soap and masticate bits of glass, dance upon pointed nails, etc., but they are well paid for their feats, which serve to draw the glittering shekels into the coffers of their employers.

Now it is worth reflection that an employer rewards his subordinates in cold, hard cash and is entitled to his "money's worth," as the vulgar phrase has it. When he believes he is not getting an amount of work to balance his pecuniary outlay, away goes the servant.

It is scarcely the employer's business to lead the young man to devotion to his duties: the day of sympathetic employers is long past. Yet again the young man craves a decent compensation for his work. If he thinks he is underpaid he strikes for a "raise." The employer's demands often seem inordinate to him, and it frequently happens that they are. Of course, this may have very little to do with the question at issue, the reason for so many failures and so few successes.

Perth Amboy, New Jersey. P. H. [illegible]

The GRIP of HONOR

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

AUTHOR OF FOR LOVE OF COUNTRY FOR THE FREEDOM OF THE SEA ETC

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Captain Paul Jones, of the U. S. S. Ranger, while cruising off the English coast, overtook the British trading vessel Maidstone which foundered in her attempt to escape him. Elizabeth Howard, a young Englishwoman, the ward of Admiral Westbrooke, and her maid, the only survivors of the wreck, were rescued by Lieutenant Barry O'Neill, of the Ranger.

Fourth Chapter

THREE days later the Ranger, under all plain sail, was slowly ploughing along off the English coast near the mouth of the Mersey. The whaleboat, manned by six of the smartest seamen, armed with cutlass and pistol, and dressed in their best clothes, old Price being coxswain again, was just being made ready. The ship was presently hove to, and a side ladder was dropped overboard at the gangway, where Miss Elizabeth Howard and her maid were standing waiting for the lowering of the whaleboat. Around it the officers of the deck speedily congregated.

They were a sorrowful lot of men, these impressionable sailors, for O'Neill was not alone in his captivity. True to his promise, Captain Jones had shifted his course and was about to land his fair passenger. He had chosen to put her ashore upon a rocky beach four or five miles from a fort at Birkenhead which guarded the mouth of the river. It was a risky performance at best, but he trusted to the known speed of the Ranger and his own seamanship to effect his escape in case the ship should be discovered and pursued in force.

Once on shore it would not be a difficult matter for the lady and her maid to procure a conveyance to take them to the city a little farther inland. The melancholy duty of landing the two women had been allotted by special request to the First Lieutenant, much to the disgust of the various midshipmen, who conceived that the matter of taking charge of boats appertained more properly to one of their number.

The ship had been hove to, the accommodation ladder shipped, the whaleboat was lying at the gangway, and the three passengers at once took their places in the stern.

"See Miss Howard safely landed, Mr. O'Neill," called the solicitous Captain over the rail, "and assure yourself as far as possible of her ability to reach the town without harm, and then return at once. In any event, do not leave the beach. We will watch you, sir."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered O'Neill. "Shove off; out oars; give way!" and the little boat at once shot away from the side and, under the impetus given by the [illegible] men, darted toward the not distant shore.

Miss Howard should have been radiantly happy at leaving the Ranger, and in her proximity to Liverpool, where she was about to meet not only her friends, but one who was destined to be something more—Major Edward Coventry, a gallant and distinguished young officer, the son and heir of her guardian, Lord Westbrooke, to whom for many years—from infancy, in fact—she had been betrothed. But an unaccountable tinge of sadness hovered over her lovely face, though she strove to conceal it under an affectation of lightness and gayety.

As for O'Neill, he made no effort whatever to hide his misery. The impressionable young Irishman had fallen deeply in love with Elizabeth Howard. He had fallen in love a thousand times before, but not in this way, and the heart which had withstood the successful assaults of the beauties of the Court of France had succumbed at the first sight of this beautiful English girl. In that hour in the boat when he lay with his head upon her knee, when he had looked up at her, Heaven had opened before his gaze, and to his disordered fancy she had seemed an angel.

With the daring of his race he had not hesitated to tell the girl of his passion, though it was stale news to her, for there is nothing a woman discovers more quickly and more certainly than the feelings of a man who loves her. That she had laughed at his ardor had not in the least deterred him from persisting in his attentions, which she had not found unwelcome.

It was not a long row to the land, and as they approached the rugged coast the young Lieutenant eagerly scanned the shore for a landing place. Steering around a little promontory which hid them from the Ranger, he discovered a stretch of sandy beach under its lee, and the boat was sent in its direction until her keel grated on the soft sand. It was a lonely spot, a little stretch of sand ending inland and, on one side, in precipitous rocks over which a wandering pathway straggled to the heights above. The other end of the beach gave entrance, through a little pass in the rocks, to a country road which wandered about inland, losing itself among the trees a mile or so away. On the rocky promontory back of and at one end of the beach there was a small lighthouse, and several miles from the beach in the other direction, at the end of the road, probably, was a castle or fort. The flag floating lazily from the staff indicated that it was garrisoned.

Springing lightly from the boat, O'Neill stepped recklessly into the water alongside. Miss Howard arose to her feet and looked anxiously about her.

"Allow me," said O'Neill, and then, without waiting for permission, he lifted her gently in his arms and carried her to the shore. "Would that all the earth were water, and that I might carry you forever," he whispered as he put her down.

"You would not like Heaven, then?" she replied, jesting.

"I find my present experience of it delightful, madam; but why do you ask that?" he questioned anxiously.

"Because there, we are told, will be 'no more sea'!" she answered.

Price now stepped up to him for his orders, [illegible] interrupting the conversation.

"Price," he said to that intrepid old sailor, "you may go back to the boat and shove off, and keep her under the lee of that little point until I call you. Keep a sharp lookout, too."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the old seaman, turning to fulfill the command.

"Now I suppose the time has come for me to say good-by to Lieutenant O'Neill," resumed Elizabeth.

"Oh, not yet, Miss Howard; I cannot leave you here alone until I know that you are safe."

"As you will, sir," she replied; "but as I happen to see several horsemen coming down the road yonder, I imagine you will not be detained from your ship a very long time. Let us go forward to meet them; perhaps they can give us some assistance."

The horsemen, evidently an officer and two orderlies, who were galloping toward the beach, at this moment noticed the boat party, and probably the Ranger itself. They reined in their horses at once, and the officer apparently gave some directions to one of the others, for he saluted, turned his horse about in the road and galloped rapidly back in the direction of the castle. The officer then trotted hastily forward, followed by the remaining man. Reaching the vicinity of the little group, he dismounted, and handing the bridle to the soldier, he came forward fearlessly, with one hand on his sword, the other holding a pistol. He was a young and handsome man in a new and brilliant scarlet uniform.

"Would that all the earth were water, and that I might carry you forever," he whispered

Fifth Chapter

"LADY ELIZABETH! You here!" he exclaimed, stopping short in great surprise when he was near enough to recognize them. "What is the meaning of this?" He stood a moment and then came nearer. "Who is this person?" he demanded. Elizabeth started violently.

"Major Coventry!" she cried.

"Are you a 'Lady,' madam?" asked O'Neill in equal surprise, addressing the astonished girl.

"For what else do you take her, sir?" interrupted the officer, bristling with indignation.

Editor's Note—The Grip of Honor began in The Saturday Evening Post of February 24.

Planted in both Hemispheres

Peter Henderson & Co.'s Tested Seeds, as well as "Old Glory," are now planted in both hemispheres.

Our 1900 Catalogue of

Everything for the Garden

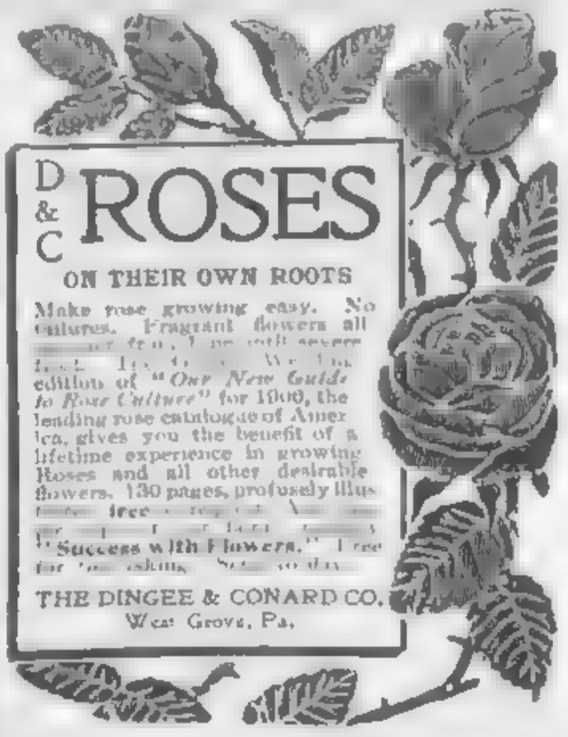
is a 190-page book, 9x11 inches, containing over 700 engravings and 6 superb colored plates of Seeds and Plants—a perfect mine of information on garden topics.

To trace advertising, and give our Catalogue the largest possible distribution, we make the following unusually liberal offer:

Every Empty Envelope Counts as Cash

To every one who will state where this advertisement was seen, and who incloses us **10 Cents** (in stamps), we will mail the Catalogue, and also send, **free of charge**, our famous **50-cent "Harvest" Collection** of seeds, containing one packet each of New Large-Flowering Sweet Peas, New Giant Pansy, New Giant Comet Asters, White Plume Celery, French Breakfast Radish and New Freedom Tomato, in a **red envelope**, which when emptied and returned will be **accepted as a 25-cent cash payment** on any order of goods selected from Catalogue to the amount of $1.00 and upward.

PETER HENDERSON & CO.
35 & 37 CORTLANDT ST. NEW YORK



D & C ROSES

ON THEIR OWN ROOTS

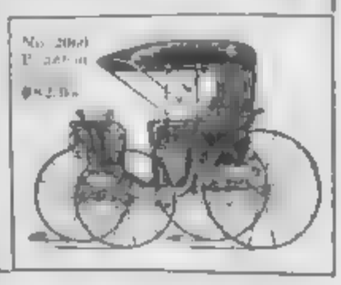
Make rose growing easy. No cultures. Fragrant flowers all [illegible] We [illegible] edition of *"Our New Guide to Rose Culture"* for 1900, the leading rose catalogue of America, gives you the benefit of a lifetime experience in growing Roses and all other desirable flowers. 130 pages, profusely illustrated, free. [illegible] "Success with Flowers." Free for the asking. Send to-day.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO.
West Grove, Pa.

Buy at First Hand

Deal with the makers direct and secure handsome, staunchly-built, latest-style carriages and high-grade harness, with only one moderate profit added to the cost of making—**Dealers' Profits Cut Off.**

Our Catalogue will help you to choose from the biggest and fullest assortment of carriages, buggies, harness, robes, blankets and horse equipments. It accurately pictures and describes all the many styles, and fully explains our method of selling direct. Mailed free.



THE COLUMBUS CARRIAGE AND HARNESS CO.
Columbus, Ohio

"Faith, sir, I would take her 'for better or worse,' an' I could," replied the Irishman smiling.

"Unfortunately for you, that is a privilege I propose to exercise myself," returned the Englishman sternly

"The world will doubtless share my regret, sir," said the Irishman audaciously, a great pang in his heart at this unlooked-for news

"Now I wish to know who you are and how you come here and what you are doing—an explanation, sir," asked the officer

"I am not accustomed to give explanations save to those who have the right to demand them," replied O'Neill

"I almost wish I could," she replied sharply, gathering courage; "you remind me of it too constantly for it to be pleasant and at no time so inopportunely as at the present

The Englishman, in great astonishment and perturbation, opened his mouth to speak but he was interrupted by the quicker Irishman.

"Why so, Mistress Howard?

Lady Elizabeth, if you please, sir," corrected Coventry

"Lady Elizabeth, then; I thank you, sir, for the reminder,' answered O'Neill suavely 'Your friends on the Ranger are all interested in your welfare, and I am sure they are

TWO SWORDS FLASHED IN THE AIR SIMULTANEOUSLY, AND RANG AGAINST EACH OTHER WITH DEADLY PURPOSE A MOMENT AFTER

"I have two rights, sir," said the officer

"They are?"

"First, I am betrothed to this young lady," said the soldier. "Second, this," laying his hand upon his sword

"This gentleman," answered the girl faintly, turning to O'Neill and pointing to the British officer, "is Major Edward Coventry, the son of my guardian."

"And your betrothed, Elizabeth; you forget that," added Coventry.

"Stop!" cried O'Neill, stepping forward with his hand upon his sword. "You shall neither swear before a lady, nor shall you in this scandalous manner disparage the ship of which I have the honor to be the First Lieutenant, nor asperse the character of her captain. Withdraw your words or you shall answer to me with that which hangs by your side'

And if I refuse?"

"I will strike them down your throat with my hand

"S death, sir! How dare you, a beggarly adventurer, talk thus to me—an officer, a Major in the army of His Gracious Majesty a Coventry, a Westbrooke

"If you were an angel from Heaven it would make no difference to me, for I would have you know, sir, that I am of as good a house as—aye, a better than—your own, a descendant of Kings——'

You lie, sir!" said Coventry, sneering

"You are correct, sir, and my people have been chieftains for thirty generations

"Ah, in Ireland?"

The manner of the question made it another insult, but O'Neill restrained himself under the provocation and said

'Where else, sir, and where better? As for me I am temporarily an officer of yonder ship, the Ranger, flying the flag of the American Republic but I am a Lieutenant in the Navy of His Majesty Louis XVI My father is a Marshal of France. Will you draw now?" he cried, stepping forward impetuously

"A brilliant array of titles surely, but it lacks other confirmation than your word I scarcely comprehend the catalogue," replied Coventry coldly

'I shall endeavor to enlighten you as to my credibility with this," said O'Neill, drawing his sword. "Now will you fight or not?"

"And if I persist in my refusal?" asked Coventry, who was playing for time

"In that juncture I shall be under the painful necessity of killing you in the presence of your betrothed, so draw, my dear sir, if not for honor for life!"

Stop!" cried Elizabeth springing between their swords; "he saved my life at the risk of his own and treated me with the most distinguished courtesy

I wish that he had exhibited some of it here," interrupted Coventry

"I have but followed your own example," retorted O'Neill

'Will you hear me, Edward? They are not pirates——"

'I call them so," said Coventry stubbornly

'Enough Lady Elizabeth said O'Neill, taking his share in the conversation again 'two lovers are sometimes an embarrassment of riches This seems to be one of the times. If you will stand aside I trust that a few moments will rid you of one or the other of them."

"I will not go," said the girl defiantly; "you shall not fight; you have nothing to quarrel about."

"We have you, or rather he has," responded the Irishman

"Withdraw, I beg of you Elizabeth This matter must be settled," said Coventry

"I will not, I tell you," persisted the girl resolutely. "If you fight you will fight through me

"We are doing that now," said O'Neill savagely. "Will you withdraw, madam?"

"I repeat it, I will not; and I wish to remind you that I do not like your tone.

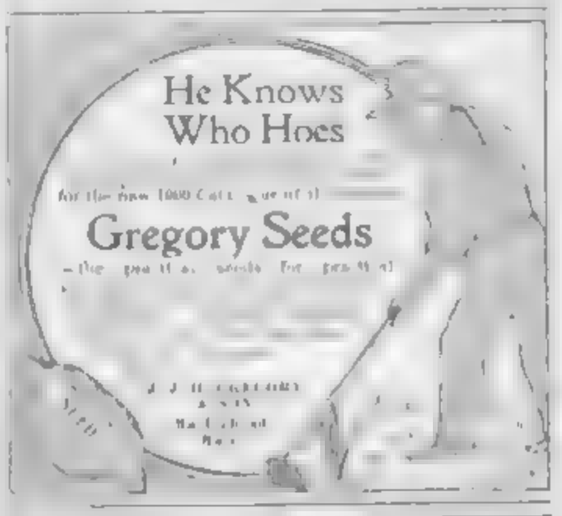
Concerning
New York City

On January 1, 1900, the population [illegible] ly to Le[illegible] wards of three [illegible] tions of dollars—more than any other [illegible] ne area in the world, [illegible] population is increasing [illegible] 100,000 per annum—all of wh[illegible] ioated with dwellings, either within the city [illegible] its or within less than an hour's transportation [illegible] any of whom must [illegible] stores in which to [illegible] which is not influenced in any w[illegible] ductuations. All titles are guaranteed by Trust Companies as solid as the Bank of England financially

For these and other reasons, it must be clear to any thinking person that an investment in New York Real Estate is safer and more likely to yield a larger profit than any other proposition before th[illegible] fer by far than any stock, whi[illegible] in the effect of one day [illegible] —safer t[illegible] such takes years to develop and in the majority of cases never realizes the value of earnest indications—safer than [illegible] Syndicates," which offer big pre[illegible] weeks and end in bankruptcy for [illegible] parcels of property within the city limits—30 minutes from Herald Square, the centre of New [illegible] which will increase in value wit[illegible] opment. Parties w[illegible] ployed capital may secure—for sums r[illegible] $200.00 upwards—desirable parcels, the [illegible] which are guaranteed by the Title Guarantee & Trust Company of New York. This opportunity is one that does not often occur, and is being cou[illegible] servati[illegible]

Those interested in t[illegible] ment, I will gladly send [illegible] and descriptive matter, wh[illegible] banker, in any portion of the country, or by personal examination of the property itself. Address

F. B. OTIS, 503 Fifth Ave., cor. 42d St., New York



Burpee's
"Seeds that Grow"

If you want to get the Best Seeds for your garden this year, you should send your address on a postal card for BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1900. It is a bright new book, considered by intelligent planters everywhere "The Leading American Seed Catalogue" You had better write to day. Simply address

BURPEE, Philadelphia

Electric Lighted Trains

Chicago & North-Western Ry.

THE North Western Limited to St Paul and Minneapolis, 6.30 P M daily from Chicago cannot be excelled. Three other trains from Chicago also—9.00 A. M. Daylight Train, 10.00 P. M Fast Mail and 10.15 P. M. Night Express. All agents sell tickets via this popular route. W. B. Kniskern, G P & T [illegible]

[illegible] letter that [illegible] new [illegible]

M & M MANUFACTURING CO.
Springfield, Mass.

POULTRY PAPER
trial 10 cents. Sixty [illegible]
poultry book free to yearly subscribers
10 cents. Catalogue of poultry books free
POULTRY ADVOCATE, Syracuse, N. Y.

You are not on the deck of your ship now, sir."

"Oh, am I not? Boat ahoy, there! Price!" cried O'Neill, waving his hand. A few strokes brought the whaleboat to the shore again. The crew were eager to take a hand in the fray. "Coxswain, come here," ordered the officer.

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the sailor, and while the other two stood wondering, the veteran seaman trotted up to them and saluted his Lieutenant with a sea scrape. "Want us to [illegible] a hand in this yere [illegible] rummage, yer honor?"

"No. Take this lady and her maid to that clump of rocks yonder."

"You monster!" cried Elizabeth, stamping her foot on the [illegible] "to ask me a pirate, after all."

"As you say, madam. Stop, sir!" said O'Neill to Coventry, who made a move to approach the sailor; "my man will do no harm to Her Ladyship, and you have other matters to attend to, unless you wish to shelter yourself behind a woman's petticoats."

Coventry had been playing for more time, but this was more than he could stand. "I think you have said enough, sir, and if you are ready," he said, "we will talk in another fashion."

"At your service," returned the Irishman composedly. Two swords flashed in the air simultaneously, and rang against each other with deadly purpose a moment after. Both men were masters of the weapon.

Finally after one especially vicious thrust by Coventry, whose foot slipped a little, a clever parry, followed by a dashing *riposte en quarte*, which was met and returned with less skill than usual, O'Neill, with a graceful turn of the wrist, whirled the Englishman's sword from his hand. It flew up into the air and fell clanging on the rocks some distance away.

"Strike, sir!" cried Coventry, with one quick glance toward Lady Elizabeth, who stood [illegible] motionless, looking on in terror. She would have run forward had it not been for old Price.

"Sir Englishman, pick up your sword," said O'Neill, lowering his point.

"Sir Irishman," answered the other, bowing, "men may call you pirates——"

"Not with impunity, sir."

"That I grant you. I was about to add, that whatever they call you, you fight like a gentleman. Will you permit me, though I do not know your name, to call you friend?"

"I shall esteem myself honored, sir. My name is O'Neill—Barry O'Neill, First Lieutenant of the United States ship Ranger."

"I shall remember it. You have not only saved the life of Lady Elizabeth Howard, but now you have given me my own. Now, sir, if you would be advised by me, withdraw while you may do so."

Sixth Chapter

AT THIS moment a number of red coated soldiers clambered down the path in the rocks, while a squad of cavalry came galloping upon the beach by the road at the other end and, at once dismounting, advanced up the strand. The seamen in the boat, in obedience to a wave of O'Neill's hand, swept her into the shore, jumped out and moved toward him, drawing their cutlasses and handling their pistols threateningly. Though they were greatly outnumbered they would not give up without a struggle. Now it was Coventry's opportunity.

"I shall not be able to indulge your desire for the loss of your life," he said, stepping back and picking up his sword, "but I fear that duty compels me to deprive you of your liberty. You are, by your own statements, a rebel against His Majesty. It is my duty—Commander of this post and a loyal servant of the King to apprehend you."

"I am twice captured, then, it seems," said the Lieutenant, looking at Elizabeth, who also," she added reproachfully. "This must go no further."

"And it shall not, madam," cried a deep, clear voice.

And one of the cutters of the Ranger filled to the gunwales with heavily armed men, and with a swivel in the bow and a man standing over it with a lighted match in his hand, came sweeping around the headland and dashed in toward the shore. It was under the command of Jones himself.

"I am sorry to interrupt a tête-à-tête, gentlemen," he cried.

"You are beaten again, Major Coventry; the odds are in our favor now," said O'Neill calmly. "Throw down your arms instantly, you dogs!" he shouted to the English soldiers. "Back! Out of the way, Miss Howard."

At this moment a number of red coated soldiers clambered down the path in the rocks

He sprang to her side and lifted her out of the line of fire.

The jealous Coventry noticed two things—he did not release her, nor did she struggle to get away.

"Stand by!" shouted Jones to the marines in his boat and to the gunners forward.

"Stop! for Heaven's sake, stop, Captain Jones!" cried Elizabeth. "Withhold your [illegible] They will retire. There must be no bloodshed. You promised to set me free and in safety ashore, and leave me there. Go, I entreat you!"

"Steady, lads, steady!" cried Jones, stepping out of the boat. "And you, sir," to the English officer, "will you withdraw quietly—taking your lady with you, of course—or we engage to do the same? You are outnumbered, and we can cut you to pieces. Take the word of an older fighter; your honor will be safe, sir."

"You are right, sir; 'tis best, I suppose," assented Coventry, resigning himself the more gracefully to the inevitable as he could then receive his love again. "Come, Lady Elizabeth."

"Now, why didn't you protest when I was captured?" said O'Neill, releasing her waist but still holding her hand.

"Could it be because I wanted you to be with me?" she whispered.

"God bless you for that, and good by," he said, bowing over her hand; "a year—give me a year——" And he turned and walked away.

"Sir," said Coventry, laying aside his sword and walking down to where Jones stood upon the sand, "we have been misinformed concerning you. Whatever your political or personal affiliations may be, I am glad to recognize in you gentlemen of merit and distinction. I trust to be able to repay the obligation you have laid upon me and my betrothed on some future occasion. We are friends?"

"Sir," replied Jones, "I love a gallant foe. I shall remember you. I thank you for your courtesy."

"And I as well," added O'Neill.

"Elizabeth," said Coventry magnanimously, "can you not bid your friends good by?"

"I shall ever remember Captain John Paul Jones," began Lady Elizabeth, stepping forward and giving the little Captain her hand to kiss; "and I shall never forget Lieutenant [illegible]"

"Will you wait one year for him?" he whispered, as he bowed low over her hand.

"Come and see," she answered.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mothers Who Nurse

Will find the

FRANKLIN MILLS FLOUR

A Pure Flour of the Entire Wheat

[illegible] increasing the quantity and improving the quality of the lacteal secretion. Deficiency in this is one great cause of Infant mortality and one of the most fertile sources of anxiety to careful physicians.

Also Franklin Mills Flour, a Fine Flour of the Entire Wheat as produced by the Franklin Mills process, when properly prepared, has been found far superior to prepared package infants' foods. It will [illegible] just the material for real growth [illegible] flashing white teeth, strong eyes, full development, and will build up a strong and vigorous constitution.

If your grocer does not keep it, send us his name and your order—we will see that you are supplied. Booklet mailed free.

The genuine made only by the

FRANKLIN MILLS CO.

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

WHITE STAR COFFEES

HIGHEST QUALITY

CAN BE PURCHASED OF THE LEADING GROCERS IN YOUR CITY

FREE SAMPLE

[illegible] two bottles containing enough of

"Our Favorite" GOLD ENAMEL

(Washable)

To gild a small frame, also a brush to apply it—[illegible] to any one mentioning this magazine and inclosing [illegible] stamp for postage. As brilliant and smooth as Gold Leaf. Ready for use. A child can apply it. Shows no brushmarks. Can be washed without tarnishing. Gilds everything—[illegible] dishes, baskets, etc. Also made in ALUMINUM SILVER. When not sold by dealers, will send full-size box (gold or silver) for 25 cents, express paid. Address Department 7.

GERSTENDORFER BROS.

42 Park Pl., New York. 175 Randolph St., Chicago

Live Agents Make Big Money.

There is an agent in [illegible]

The Excelsior Carpet Stretcher and Tack Hammer Combined.

PROTECTED IN USE

Simple, effective, strong and compact. A child can operate easily.

Postpaid for 65c. Stamps

With first order for one dozen at the 65c rate we propose to furnish working AGENTS OUTFIT FREE. QUICKLY send for free illustrated circulars.

QUICK MFG. COMPANY, Dept. F, Galion, Ohio.

9 for 10 Cents

[illegible]

C. S. DAVISSON & CO.

231 Broadway, N. Y. Dept. 60

"Mizpah" Valve Nipples

WILL NOT COLLAPSE

And therefore prevent much colic. The valve prevents a vacuum being formed to collapse them. The ribs inside prevent collapsing when the child bites them. The rim is such that they cannot be pulled off the bottle. *Sample Free by Mail.*

WALTER F. WARE, 512 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The BITER Bitten

By John Arthur Barry

"THAT'S the Jeanne d'Arc," remarked the Captain to me as the ensign fluttered for the third time down the signal halyards in salute to a big white steamer with a yellow funnel, and showing the French tricolor, that was passing us about half a mile away. "She made her number," he continued, "but there was no necessity I'd know her as far as I could see her. In fact, for a very short time I commanded her."

"Why," I replied, "I thought you disliked steam and would never have anything to do with it?"

"I hate the whole business," said the skipper—"but I had to take charge of the Jeanne. Nor was she, so to speak, a steamer when I found her. You see, she's brig-rigged, and shows quite a decent lot of canvas. I was only second then, and if the Lord hadn't put it into my head to do what I did I expect I'd be second still, or even before the stick again, instead of a master at four-and-twenty." And Captain Hammond glanced with evident pride at his fine clipper, the Carisbrook Castle, as she tore along before the strong northeast trades.

"Few things would please me better than to hear that yarn," I said presently, "and the more so because the steamer's name seems curiously familiar to me. Wasn't she seized and sold by the British Government for smuggling, or something of the kind—I forget now?"

"Not quite that," replied the Captain smiling; "it was worse than smuggling."

■

"Appropriately enough," he went on, drawing a deck chair alongside mine, "we were not far off the spot where the affair happened. I was second of a fine lump of a ship called the Princess Royal at the time. We'd caught the trades light—hardly enough of 'em, in fact, to keep the sails full and the ship with steerage way on her. The night was black as a dog's mouth, and when I turned out to take the middle watch I had to feel each step like a blind man—not a thing could I see alow or aloft. The old man had turned in; apparently we had all the black world of sea to ourselves. Four bells had just struck. The wind had died completely away, and the sails were knocking and banging sixpences out of the owner's pocket as the ship rolled to the heavy swell. 'Lay aft, here, the watch!' I shouted, glad of something to do, 'and clew up the crowjack and mainsail!' Then, groping about, I found the mizzenstaysail halyards and let them go. I could hear the men all around me swearing softly as they fumbled at the rail amongst the gear. Suddenly, as I felt for the sheet to cast it off the bitts, an awful shock sent me flying across the poop. There was a cruel noise of crashing and rending and tearing, mingled with loud shouts and cries, filling the darkness full of terror and dismay, whilst the Princess reeled and went over nearly on to her beam ends.

"'Lord help us! Mr. Hammond, what's this?' I heard the Captain shout as I rose bewildered to my feet. The next moment he and all of us were answered with a completeness that turned us into staring statues as a blue light burst out for'ard and showed us a great white-painted steamer with her jibboom broken short off and hanging over a pair of tall, sharp clipper bows that stuck half way through the unfortunate Princess just abaft the break of the forecastle. She was brig-rigged but with no sail set. A single lofty funnel rose straight out of her amidships, and the faces of her men looked ghastly in the flare as with frantic gestures they shrieked and chattered at us in a very babel of discord. Then all at once the flare was extinguished, leaving the darkness blacker than ever.

■

"'Ready with the boats, there!' shouted our Captain; 'she'll stand by us as soon as she gets clear. Mr. Hammond, lower away the port lifeboat at once, whilst the mate and myself see to provisioning the others. Hail the steamer, somebody, and ask if they're much damaged. Confound them, I don't believe they've got a light showing anywhere!' To our hail no answer was returned. There was a silence broken only by the thumping of her screw going full speed astern, and a loud rushing noise for'ard as of water falling over a rock.

"By this time lights were flashing about our decks, and a couple of boats—the lifeboat and a large thirty-foot whaler off the skids—were over the side. Not till then did we pause to draw breath. During our work we had felt the steamer go free of us. But now, as we stared around, we could see no sign of her. Not a voice was to be heard, no glimmer of light caught our straining gaze. All was silent.

■

"'Surely the brute hasn't left us!' exclaimed the Captain.

"'The bloody Dago's cleared safe enough, sir,' replied a seaman standing near the skipper. 'I heard the thump o' her screw far away to port yonder,' and he spat in disgust as he swung his lamp over the black water swirling and foaming into the ship's belly. Already she was down by the head to such a degree as made a steeply inclined plane from for'ard aft, and it was very evident that at any moment the partition—only a thin one of two-inch planking—might succumb to the enormous pressure and flood the body of the hold. Indeed, it was probably only the fact of the cargo being stowed against it that had kept it in its place so long and given us a chance to save our lives. There were thirty-five of us all told when the roll was called for the last time. And one man, an ordinary seaman named Barlow, was missing—not to be found anywhere. The mate took one of the lifeboats with ten, the skipper another with the same number, and I took the whaler with fifteen. It was about eight bells (four o'clock) in the morning watch, and darker than ever as we got into the boats and lay off from the ship, on a rounding, smooth-backed

He proved to be the Captain

swell that looked mighty big to us now. And we amused ourselves by firing rockets in case the steamer might still be hanging about. Of course, as a few argued, she possibly was desperately hurt herself, or even sunk. But the general idea favored deliberate desertion.

"At last came the dawn, showing us our ship bows under to the foot of the foremast. As yet the bulkhead was holding. Not a sign of the destroying steamer was to be seen anywhere around the horizon.

"'She may live for hours yet,' remarked the skipper. 'Some of us had better get on board and send over more provisions. We can carry them easily.'

"Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when the Princess pointed her already lofty stern still higher, until, indeed, it was almost up and down, hung there for about ten minutes, and then disappeared head first.

"'May the Lord send the same luck to the Dago afore he's time to get his boats out!' exclaimed a sailor. And that was the requiem of the poor Princess Royal.

■

"The Cape Verdes being the nearest land, it was determined to make for them, keeping the while in company, if possible. But that night it came up thick and squally, and the other two boats, being both faster and lighter than mine, were out of sight when morning broke, with the squalls settled into a stormy northwest gale. Finding it impossible to make way against this, I decided to run for the South American coast. But our whaler soon let us know about that: her sails were rods too small for her heavy body, and repeatedly the waves overtook and swamped us. So, seeing nothing else for it, I presently hove her to with a sea-anchor made out of gratings and oars. And to this she rode fairly well. But most of our provisions were soaked, and one keg of water was spoiled.

Most of my crowd were British, I'm happy to say, and amongst them were two little nippers of apprentices, who ought to have been in their beds at school that night instead of in a howling gale in the North Atlantic. They were perhaps about thirteen, certainly no older, but plucky! Why, those kids—brothers, they were—were worth millions to me all through that bad time. There were some Germans amongst the crowd who, after a while, lost their backbones and for very little would have chucked up the sponge, but the nippers simply wouldn't let 'em, for they got amongst 'em and chaffed and joked, ay, and once or twice swore at 'em, till for very shame's sake the chaps stiffened up.

"However, in these latitudes weather like that doesn't last, as a rule, and by midday we were flopping about on a big, greasy swell in a hot sun and without wind enough to fill a silk glove. And a curious lot we looked, I'll swear—salt encrusted, [illegible] haggard and stiff jointed. Some of the men were in a heap, fast asleep like the youngsters, who, [illegible] each other's arms and lay against my legs where I sat in the stern sheets. Putting a coat over the poor little beggars, I got up and with the help of those yet awake hauled in our anchor, finding, to our great delight, that our mainsail had caught against it. This we set to a bit of a breeze springing up late in the afternoon.

"Still——"

At this moment the wind all at once took one of those strengthenings so common at sea, squealing viciously through the upper rigging and sending the Castle over till her lee rail showed like a black streak through the roaring foam, whilst over the weather one bucketfuls of water splashed, making great wet blotches here and there along the length of the white main deck as it ran down into the gurgling scuppers.

■

"I think, Mr. Cargill," remarked the Captain to the very youthful second officer, who for some minutes I had noticed staring doubtfully aloft, "that we'll take those skysails off her. The wind seems to be breezing up a bit."

"Well," continued the Captain as we lingered over our coffee, "that evening we saw a steamer coming straight for us, and you may judge that the sight was a pleasant one, and with what joyous feelings we watched the gray trail of smoke pouring away

The Box and the Biscuit

The box **Uneeda Biscuit** are packed in [illegible] sold by National Biscuit Company made a revolution in biscuit selling.

The biscuit packed in the box made a new standard in biscuit baking.

Every day the standard of **Uneeda Biscuit** goes higher. Every batch we bake is better. Every box increases your liking.

Uneeda Biscuit

Is not [illegible] but [illegible] day [illegible]

Uneeda Jinjer Wafer [illegible]

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

WARNER'S RUST-PROOF

Dunlop Pneumatic Tires

For Bicycles
For Carriages
For Automobiles

Send for Booklet

The American Dunlop Tire Co.
Belleville, N. J. Chicago, Ill.

A New Roller Skate

"Rose" Ball Bearing Roller Skate. Special features. Revolving axles on ball bearings. Skate adjustable to any shoe. Steel tired, rubber cushioned wheels. Indestructible. Send for catalogue.

NATIONAL SEWING MACHINE CO., Belvidere, Ills.

Are You Deaf?

We have 35 kinds of Instruments to Assist Hearing. Sent on approval. Write for catalogue. [illegible] 134 South 11th Street, Philadelphia.

from her funnel As she drew nearer we made her out a white-painted, brig rigged [illegible], with a great, tall, yellow stack amidships. She had only her fore and aft canvas set, and was making about ten knots

"All at once one of the nippers squeaked, 'Mr. Hammond, s.r, isn't that the steamer that ran us down?'

'If it ain't,' growled a seaman, staring hard, 'it's 'er bloomin' double!'

"'Looks to me, too,' said another, 'as if that there jibboom o' hers wasn't never the spar as was meant to fit that bowsprit An see, she's got a bran' new stick of a fore t'gallan' mast. Oh, it's 'er as sure as the Lord made little happles!'

"'If I cud only get a glimp o' er bows I'd be certainter,' remarked yet another for I seen her name for a second.'

"'What was it, my man?' I asked

Jeanne, sir,' replied he; 'only I fancy there was somethin' more arter it as I didn't get time to catch afore the light was dowsed.'

"Another quarter of an hour and the steamer was abreast of where we lay tumbling about with our sail down, and the small ensign with which each of the Princess' boats was provided fluttering from the halyards, union reversed—a signal of distress and appeal to men that use the sea in every one of their languages Also, though it seemed unnecessary, we stood up and shouted strongly and all together. But she hoisted no colors—took not the least notice although now only three hundred yards or so and with a crowd of men staring over the rail at us From the lofty bridge came a glitter of gold laced uniforms. A bell was ringing somewhere about her—probably for dinner. Suddenly one of my men sat down heavily and laughed and swore in a breath. 'What did I tell ver?' said he, pointing 'Twig the murder in' cow's bow!'

And as we stared we saw sure enough, that a piece of canvas had been spread over the spot where her name should have been, whilst presently, as she stolidly thumped ahead, giving no sign whatever, we perceived a similar curtain hanging over her stern Evidently it was no use making any further appeals—just as well to save our breath. All the same, it was bitter to watch her going off like that

"For a time the miserable business took the stiffening out of all of us, and we did nothing but stare [illegible] after the brute as she made off, half expecting her suddenly back her engines and round on her heel toward us

"But when thoroughly satisfied that there was no hope, the men recovered themselves and swore viciously, cursing all foreigners under the general names of Dutchmen and Dagoes Some maintained she was French, others that she was German. The man who said her name was Jeanne with more to follow got into trouble by giving an opinion that after all she might be English

"'I suppose now, my lad,' I said 'you couldn't remember how it was spelled?'

"'The fust letter was J,' says he, thinking hard, 'the second was a He, an' then comes an A, an' then a Hen, an' then a He or a Hen again—I ain't sure. Big brass uns, they was, a foot long a most, but I only caught 'em like in the corner o' my heye. And there was a He to hend hup with. An' if that don't spell Jeanne, I'd like to know what does?' he concluded triumphantly

"That night it fell calm, and, being very tired, I had dropped off to sleep, when one of the nippers awoke me. 'There's a funny noise out there, Mr Hammond,' says he pointing into the darkness

'Listening intently, I heard the sounds too—curious knocking noises as if there was an iron ship in drydock somewhere in the [illegible] with a lot of riveters busy about her

"Presently some of the men also noticed it, and I could hear them muttering to each other. Others were certain they caught a glimpse of lights now and again

Getting four oars out, we pulled slowly in the direction, until after a couple of hours we were encouraged by both lights and noises becoming quite distinct and plain to sight and hearing. A ship, without a doubt' Strangely enough, no one of us shouted There seemed something uncanny in the business. Then all at once a voice muttered 'It's a steamer! See them lights up on the bridge! An' I can make out her smoke stack now

'It's *the* steamer, by Heaven!' exclaimed another, voicing the possibility that had already occurred to me as soon as I'd made out the rig, along with a wild scheme that at the same moment flashed through my brain 'Steady, lads, steady,' I whispered. 'It's her, all right. Some of the machinery's gone wrong and they're trying to mend it What d'ye say, all of you? Are you game to try and seize her? She'll never take us on board. Suppose we take *her* and sail her to England, and let an English jury judge between us?'

"At this there ran through the boat a sort of stifled hum there was no mistaking the meaning of

"Well," continued Hammond laughing a little, "it was a mad scheme, of course But after you've been four days and nights in an open boat, burnt and salted, half starved, and, into the bargain, horribly riled, you're apt to take risks that otherwise you wouldn't give a second thought to. There were no plans. We were to stick together as much as possible, the men arming themselves with belaying-pins and I putting my revolver much in evidence. But what we chiefly trusted to was the hope of being able to catch most of the hands below and keep them there for by this time I knew enough to be sure that she'd lost her propeller, and that her people, having a spare one on board, were busy shifting cargo from aft for'ard so as to raise the stern sufficiently to get it fitted Indeed, already she was down by the head like a pig, and as we swung noiselessly under her bows the martingale gear was within easy reach

"'Let me go first, sir,' whispered one of the blessed youngsters—that's the chap working the poop now; his brother is second of the Compton Castle—' and I'll sneak around and see how matters are and come back and tell you.' And almost without waiting for an answer the little imp had swung himself up and disappeared in the darkness. Presently we felt a rope's end drop into the boat, and we knew he must have, at any rate, found the fo'c's'le head clear. But it seemed weeks before he slipped into the midst of us as suddenly as he'd gone. 'Splendid sir,' he gasped; 'I wasn't on the bridge, but there's not a soul on deck—all busy below They're French, I know, because I learned it at school, and they're talking and gabbling like anything. There's two alleyways, one on each side of the engine-room. The fore and main hatches are off, and they're dragging cargo for'ard. I peeped into the fo'c's'le, but it's empty. So was the side where the firemen live'

"'Good boy!' I said, 'if this lark doesn't turn out a funnel you've done yourself a fine turn.'

"Ten minutes afterward the whole lot of us stood on the fo'c's'le. And to show the lads that business was meant, I asked the last one as he came up for his knife, and cutting the rope we had used for a painter I threw it overboard and told them what I had done

'Four to each hatchway and the rest to the engine-room were the only orders. Quite sufficient; for by this time they knew exactly what they had to do—knew, too, that there was no backing out

"Dropping some at each hatch, I took my gang noiselessly into the alleyway. Then I gave a long shrill note on my whistle—the signal agreed upon Then, in a trice, we had the engine room skylights down and bolted, and the doors secured with handspikes we had taken from a rack ful close by on the quarter-deck. But below they never heeded, hammering and talking away with a great noise of tongues and iron

—THOUGH IT SEEMED UNNECESSARY, WE STOOD UP AND SHOUTED STRONGLY AND ALL TOGETHER

Insurance by Mail

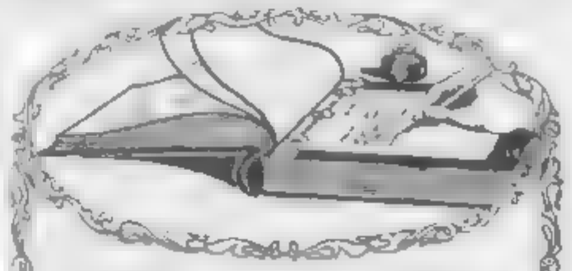
SEND us a postal and we will *mail* you full particulars of our

Low Rate Guaranteed Policy

JAS. B. CARR & SONS, Mgrs.
MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.
Walnut and Fourth Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.
Established 1850. Agents Wanted

Admiral Dewey's Piano

The National Committee Selected for His House a
HALLET & DAVIS PIANO
In preference to any other make, their selection meeting with the delighted approval and indorsement of Admiral and Mrs. Dewey
[illegible] full particulars about these fi[illegible]
[illegible]ley Piano sale
[illegible] Also
[illegible]lating terms of
delivered to your home. Address
HALLET & DAVIS COMPANY
Boston Chicago Cleveland Denver



Letters Copied While Writing
NO PRESS, NO WATER, NO BRUSH, NO WORK
ANY INK, ANY PEN, ANY PAPER. Our Pen Carbon never smuts, one clip holds paper firm. Write with no extra pressure and our PEN CARBON LETTER
[illegible]
Can't be [illegible]
Write for *free* s[illegible]
Pen-Carbon-Hartford Co., 115-117 Fulton St., New York

Life Insurance

Protection and investment at the same time. The whole business world says "yes" to it. Our little "The How and The Why" (free booklet) is used in the commercial colleges for teaching first principles. Get it. It tells of safety and profit

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO
921-923-925 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

Mistakes in Addition
Office Headache
And mis[illegible]
[illegible] It is
doing the w[illegible]
FELT & TARRANT MFG CO
52-56 Illinois St., Chicago

WATCH PROTECTOR
Mailed for 15c. Secures watch from [illegible]
LOGAN SUPPLY CO., P. O. Box 4403, Philadelphia, Pa.

"'Fore and main hatches on, sir,' reported one of the kids, dancing along the alleyway. 'Bars fast and a man at each! The Frenchies are singing out blue murder down below, sir. Oh, Mr. Hammond, look out!'

"Turning as the youngster shrieked sharp and clear, I saw a stout, middle-aged man in gold-braided coat and cap covering me with a pistol. He was well within the light from the engine-room, and I noticed how pale his fat, round cheeks were, and how the gray

And then we stood by whilst the Frenchmen swarmed up through the fore hatchway

imperial on his chin kept wagging time to his shaking hand. In a second I whipped out my revolver and, pointing it at him, roared fiercely:

"'Putter up *votre* mangs or *vous êtes* dead man!' And at that, without more ado, he threw his arms out straight and held them there till the youngster, now choking with laughter, took his pistol from him and found it empty. He proved to be the Captain.

"All along the alleyways were small cabins, and from one of these for some time I had noticed a persistent knocking and thumping. Finding it locked, one of the fellows mounted a box and looked over the grating and hailed the occupant.

"'By the Lord, sir!' he exclaimed presently, 'if it ain't Jimmy Barlow!' (the missing ordinary seaman). Well, we'd no sooner got him out and heard his story of how he had made a jump into the Frenchman's rigging from the fo'c's'le head of the Princess, where he had been on the lookout, than another surprise was sprung on us. 'Some boats not very far off hailing of us, sir,' a man reported, 'an' blessed if I don't believe as it's the skipper an' mate's lot!' he added jubilantly.

"The dawn was just breaking as I ran for'ard and stared away to port toward the dim shapes just discernible on the nearly calm sea. 'Ship ahoy! a-h-o-o-y!' they shouted as their oars took the water frantically, and presently with heartfelt delight I was welcoming my astonished shipmates on board the French cargo boat Jeanne d'Arc, of Marseilles, homeward bound from Colombo and Bahia, to the sound of a British cheer.

"Like ourselves, they had had a bad time in the boats and were only too glad to get out of them. Still we were in a predicament. Below, the Frenchmen were thundering with might and main at hatches and skylights. We didn't want to smother them, unfeeling brutes though they'd proved themselves. Then, again, if we let them up they'd be almost certain to try and get their ship back.

"'Hanged if I know what to do,' exclaimed my old skipper, half laughing and cocking his eye at the bridge, where the French Captain stood staring at us very sulkily. 'Cook, forage about meanwhile and find us something to eat. Masthead those yards again, boys, and get the boats inboard, and as I can talk the lingo a bit I'll go up yonder and have a yarn with the President of this noisy Republic and give him my opinion of him and his ship.'

"I don't know what passed between the pair, but after a while they came down together, the Frenchman very silent and subdued and our skipper looking pleased and determined. 'Search the ship for arms, Hammond,' said the latter as he passed me, 'and then off hatches and let the beggars up. There's a couple of rifles and some revolvers in this fellow's cabin. There may be more.'

"We found enough to arm half a dozen of our chaps. And then we stood by whilst the Frenchmen swarmed up through the fore hatchway, an exhausted, perspiring, dirty, astonished crowd that we drove into the fo'c's'le and locked there, with a sentry at the door. The engineers and deck officers were shut up in a sort of big messroom aft. Idlers—cooks, stewards and boys—we kept to their duties. Then, turning to, we worked like niggers at trimming cargo to get her on an even keel again. They'd got their spare propeller out, but we had no use for that kind of thing. She was square and lofty, and although we knew nothing about steam, we did about canvas. And presently, catching a strong southerly, we made the Jeanne snort after a fashion that caused Johnny France to turn up the whites of his eyes.

"Mind you, though, it was an anxious time all round. We didn't quite know how the law would look at the business; and then we had to watch our prisoners closely.

"Barlow was our sheet-anchor, though. He could swear that when he boarded the Jeanne she hadn't a solitary light showing; could swear, also, to the way in which, directly she got clear, she steamed off at full speed. Then, when the Frenchmen, having to stop shortly afterward for twenty-four hours because of heated bearings—which delay accounted for our meeting her so strangely when she should have been miles away—sighted our boat they hustled him below into a spare berth, but not before he had recognized us and seen them placing the canvas blinds over her name. You may imagine what care we took of Jimmy till we dropped anchor and ran up the police flag.

"Then the fun began in earnest. I've heard since that we were nearly being the cause of war between Great Britain and France. But I hardly believe that. Luckily for us, perhaps, ours was a very rich firm, and they backed us for all they were worth in the battle between French and English Lloyds, their respective Governments and the insurance offices. And at last we won. And it took the Jeanne's cargo—3000 tons of tea, cinchona, cocoanut oil, cinnamon and plumbago—to pay the piper. A year afterward I got my ship and a present of £500 from the firm.

"That's the yarn.

"Mr. Cargill, I think you may as well take the fore and mizzen royals off her. It's looking a bit black to wind'ard."

Every Pianist, Every Singer

Will be glad of the opportunity to secure, in a superb, uniform edition, the most celebrated and most melodious vocal and instrumental compositions that have ever been written.

300 *instrumental selections for the piano.*
350 *songs for all voices, with piano accompaniment.*

Over 2200 Pages

20 Editors and Special Contributors

This valuable permanent collection of musical masterpieces can be obtained by those who act promptly, at

Less than one-tenth the cost in sheet form

"The most complete and valuable Musical Library ever published."—*The Keynote.*
"Nothing so fine and well worth having in one's home."—*Margaret E. Sangster*, Editor Harper's Bazar.
"It is a publication we can recommend. There is something that will interest all."—*The Etude.*
"A vocal and instrumental library of rare excellence and comprehensiveness."—*The Pianist.*

LIBRARY OF THE WORLD'S BEST MUSIC

New Enlarged Edition of 8 Volumes: 4 Vocal, 4 Instrumental

Instrumental selections by the greatest composers; melodious, not too difficult, and including popular and operatic melodies, dances, funeral marches, nocturnes, adagios, military pieces and classic and romantic piano music. The best old and new songs, duets, trios, quartets and choruses upon every subject: Upon friendship, admiration, love and home; upon absence, sorrow, reminiscence and revery; upon humor, patriotism, nature and morality; no hymns, however. 400 portraits and illustrations, over 500 biographies of musicians, and more than 100 new and copyrighted selections by American musicians. The work is planned for cultured homes and sympathetic performers.

All these and over 400 other Composers represented in this matchless collection:	Strauss Mozart Beethoven Schumann Schubert Lover Moore	Liszt Saint-Saens Gottschalk Grieg Chaminade Bendel Henselt	Rubinstein Balfe Sullivan Smith Bishop Chwatal Cowen	Paderewski Haydn Schytte Bizet Rameau Rachmaninoff Goldmark	Chopin Gounod Handel Benedict Mattei Czibulka Molloy	Wagner Emmett Buck Damrosch De Koven Faure Gilbert

Marvelously Low Price THE LIBRARY OF THE WORLD'S BEST MUSIC is really TWO SETS of subscription books, bound together in a new, uniform edition. The subscription prices for the two sets were never less than $30.00 in cloth and $40.00 in half-leather. Our low club prices are $18.00 in fine cloth binding, and $21.00 in half-leather binding. We pay transportation charges. We are so confident these books will please you that we are willing to send them on approval.

THE SET CONSISTS of 8 Volumes, comprising 2200 pages nearly sheet music size; dimensions of volumes, 9 by 12 inches; one inch thick.

FREE FOR EXAMINATION TO READERS OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Send us your application **at once**, stating which style of binding you prefer, cloth or half-leather. We will forward the entire set, charges prepaid. We will allow you 15 days in which to examine this wonderful collection of music. **If you are not satisfied, you can return the set at our expense.** If satisfactory, you can make your first payment of $1.00, and remit thereafter $1.00 a month for 17 months, if cloth is ordered, making a total payment of $18.00. If you select the half-leather binding, which we recommend, there will be three more monthly payments of $1.00, making a total payment of $21.00. We assume all risk. We suggest that you **apply at once** if you desire to obtain a set of this limited edition.

Don't fail to mention THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Address

Absolutely No Risk to You.
We Pay Transportation Charges.
Send Postal for Beautiful Specimen Pages.

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY
78 Fifth Avenue, New York

A bargain collection of Flower Seeds for 12¢

10 Choice Annuals (Everybody's Favorites) sure to grow and bloom this season. All New, Fresh Seeds
Aster, finest mixed — Balsam, 8 colors — Pansy, royal show — Phlox, 10 colors — Sweet Peas, 20 colors — Petunias, 10 colors — Phlox, 20 colors — Verbenas, 4 colors — Mignonette Sweet, and Sweet Alyssum.

For 12 cts. and the addresses of two of your flower-loving friends, I will send, postpaid, this complete collection, one packet each, of the ten varieties, and refund money if not pleased. Will also include "Floral Culture" (revised edition by Miss Lippincott), which tells how to grow flowers from seeds, and the daintiest catalogue ever published devoted exclusively to flower seeds.

Miss C. H. Lippincott The Pioneer Seedswoman of America 819 6th street, South, Minneapolis, Minn.

A Superb Work of Art—The Sichel Madonna

A Platino Print, 11½x17 inches, printed on heavy rough paper, the effect of which is elegant, rich and artistic—LIST PRICE, $3.50.

OUR OFFER (to new subscribers, good for 60 days)
1 Platino Print of the Sichel Madonna. $1.50
1 yr.'s subscript'n to Good Housekeeping. 1.00
$2.50 both for $1

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING is acknowledged to be one of the most wholesome and helpful magazines published. A necessity to every housekeeper. Some of its contributors are:

MARGARET E. SANGSTER	HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH	AMELIA E. BARR
NELLIE DOT RANCHE	ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE	HESTER M. POOLE
LINDA HULL LARNED	GEO. W. CABLE	HELEN CAMPBELL
PRES. G. STANLEY HALL	HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD	SUSAN HAYES WARD

Send cash, money order or draft to Good Housekeeping, Geo. P. Chamberlain, Publisher, Springfield, Mass. Sample copy free—If you mention The Saturday Evening Post.

No dirt escapes
Pearline

The Greatest Needs of American Golf

BETTER GROUNDS, SAYS JOHN REID, JR.

TO WRITE on the Greatest Need of Golf in America requires that a man should pronounce at once what is this need. Now there are many needs, not all great, but some of them are of so much importance that I am not going to choose between them. I am convinced that two great needs of our game of golf are: first, economy in the game—relating to the expense of club houses and their accessories; second, good golf courses, where a good player has a merited advantage over a player not quite his equal.

PHOTO BY PACH BROS., N. Y.

JOHN REID, JR.

OUR CLUBS ARE TOO EXPENSIVE

We need to have the game played on a much cheaper basis as far as club houses and so forth are concerned. Twenty-five dollars should cover a member's annual dues in order not to restrict the game to the moneyed class, which does not of necessity embrace the best players. A comparison of some English clubs with our representative clubs will bring this point out.

I happened to be at the Royal St. George Golf Club, at Sandwich, last summer. This course is one of the very best in Great Britain, and is where the championship was held in 1896. I was especially struck with the comfort and homeliness of the club house, which is a very plain but well-arranged house. There were two servants in the house, a man, who was the janitor, and his wife, who did the cooking. The man acted as waiter during meals, and looked after things generally at other times. At lunch time the table is set with several different cold meats and one hot dish. Knives and forks are found at the end of the table, also plates; every one helps himself—without any rush or scramble—and talks with his neighbor over the game, or arranges a match to follow the after-luncheon smoke. If any drinks are wanted a slight call will bring them in a moment. These same conditions will be found at all the best courses in Great Britain, except that one more man may be found on busy days.

B. S. HORNE

The average lunch time in any of our representative clubs is characterized by a rush of French and German waiters—an element totally foreign to golf—and a menu written in some foreign tongue. There is a constant fault-finding because you are not waited upon at once. The foods are too rich, and the whole meal resembles too much our model restaurants to be comfortable and homelike.

The English luncheon costs about 36 cents, while ours costs from 75 cents to $1.50. In this country we have large social clubs to support, and consequently large retinues of servants. These expenses necessitate an annual subscription of from $50 to $175 the year from each member. This amount is expected from a member of a club in America as representative as Prestwick, St. Andrew's, Sandwich and Muirfield are of Great Britain.

PENALIZE BAD PLAY AND MINIMIZE LUCK

We have no real golf "links" in this country as yet, but we have some very good golfing ground. Now, if we cannot have good golf links, we can at least lay out our courses so that they will be *good* golf courses and not toys. In my opinion, a hole should be one, two, three or four good shots from the tee, and the bunkers should be placed to catch poor shots from the tee, second shot or approach. No one should be able to make a foozle and then stand an almost even chance of winning the hole. Take, for example, a hole of 220 yards. This is a most unfair hole, because a good player cannot reach it on his drive, but can get there easily in two—in fact, gets so near it in one that he feels as though his approach were almost thrown away. A poor player, playing this same hole, may miss his drive and still have a very good chance at the hole with a good or even indifferent iron shot. Holes of this sort are heart-breaking to a good player, and they give his opponent too much of a chance to "make up." Were this hole 175 yards or 300 yards, then there would be no chance for a lucky second on the part of the poor player. In the first instance, the good player would reach the green, and in the second instance he would have to make two nice shots to be there. Clearly, then, there should not be many of these "drive-and-a-mashy" holes.

The bunkers should be very carefully placed so as to punish poor shots. Too many of our bunkers are placed in very questionable places—some so near the hole that a long shot carrying over will not stay on the green, and some so far from the tee that a good drive gets in them. A shot of 150 yards straight on from the tee should never be penalized.

These seem to me to be the most urgent needs of the game just now; but there are many others which I hope will straighten themselves out as we begin to play the game more in the spirit of the rules than by the letter. JOHN REID, JR.,

Captain St. Andrew's Golf Club, Yonkers, New York.

REV. S. H. DAVIS SAYS THE PUBLIC SHOULD LEARN THE HEALTHFUL VALUE OF GOLF

One of the greatest needs of golf in America is that our professional and business men shall come to recognize its value as the most healthful of outdoor exercises.

Busy men say they have not the leisure for the sport. The fact is, that they confine themselves too closely to business, and are like the mechanic who will not take time to oil his machinery. Presently the machinery will break down or become worn out and much valuable time will be lost for repairs. Let the business or professional man recognize the value of golf as a promoter of good health, sound sleep, stronger muscles, steadier nerves and clearer brain, and the success and permanency of the game in this country is assured.

S. H. DAVIS,

President of the Weekapaug Golf Club, of Weekapaug, Rhode Island.

President of the Riverside Golf Club, of Westerly, Rhode Island.

B. S. HORNE WANTS THE BUNKERS BETTER PLACED

The first step that should be made toward the betterment of golf in America is the proper laying out of the course. A great many courses are necessarily short, but even this great fault is not so glaring if proper care and thought is given to the placing of bunkers to punish poor play and to reward good play. On a long course this is not so evident, as the result of poor play there means loss of distance, with practically the loss of a stroke, but on a short course a miss from the tee means only a long iron shot or brassy to be equal to the player having made two perfect strokes, unless the greens are protected by sand pits or cops. This would eliminate, on short courses, much of the so-called luck which now prevails in what promises to be the greatest of all American games. B. S. HORNE.

Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

JAMES G. AVERELL WOULD ENCOURAGE A MORE SPORTSMANLIKE SPIRIT

In America I think we are apt to care too much about winning in our sports, and this seems especially true in golf. Tournaments are often spoiled by disputes which lead to misunderstanding and ill feeling.

Of course there have been many meetings in which there has been none of this, but most of us, I think, have seen it at times.

Till we can play more for the sake of the game and less for the sake of winning I am sure golf will not take the place that it should in American sports. JAMES G. AVERELL.

Claverly Hall, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

MR. CARNEGIE TAKES A DRIVE AT THE DUFFERS

My opinion of the Greatest Need of Golf in America is to punish our poor shots more severely. M. C. CARNEGIE.

Fernandina, Florida.

WALTER J. TRAVERS WANTS TIME TO GROW TRADITIONS AND GOOD GRASS

What is the Greatest Need of Golf in America? Time, I should say—time to allow the courses to mature and the players to grow up with them. Incidentally, a more genial climate might also be desired. There is little doubt that great extremes of heat and cold are not conducive to the fine, natural links which are to be met with in such numbers in Great Britain. In respect to soil constituents we have a few *links* in this country, but for one such there are a hundred *courses*—and the elements are not over kind to either.

PHOTO BY PACH BROS., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

JAMES G. AVERELL

To maintain these in good condition involves a heavy expense in cutting the grass and watering the greens. The latter means that each green has to be piped and watered freely during the summer months.

The progress which has been made in developing our principal courses has been very marked since the inception of the game. It is said that it takes a generation to make a lawn. This being the case, there is certainly a very encouraging prospect for those courses which have only been laid out within the last five years—many, in fact, within the past two or three years.

While we can hardly hope to rival the best British links, yet much may be done to bring our courses up to a high state of excellence. Time and careful, intelligent attention will work wonders. The putting greens should first claim the most loving care. The going through the green may not be all that could be desired, but this will be largely overlooked if the greens are in good shape, into which they can be brought with proper handling.

M. C. CARNEGIE

Much, of course, depends upon the character of the soil and the location of the greens in their treatment. As a general thing, a mistake is made by employing the same methods as for a lawn, particularly in the use of fertilizers. A putting green is, or should be, something wholly different. What is wanted is a thick mat of fine, short grass. Where on a lawn there are, say, a hundred blades of grass to a square foot, on a green there should

SICHEL MADONNA

(DETAIL)

A platinum print of the above beautiful Madonna, 7¾x9¾ inches on 11x14 mount, sent to any address on receipt of Fifty Cents.

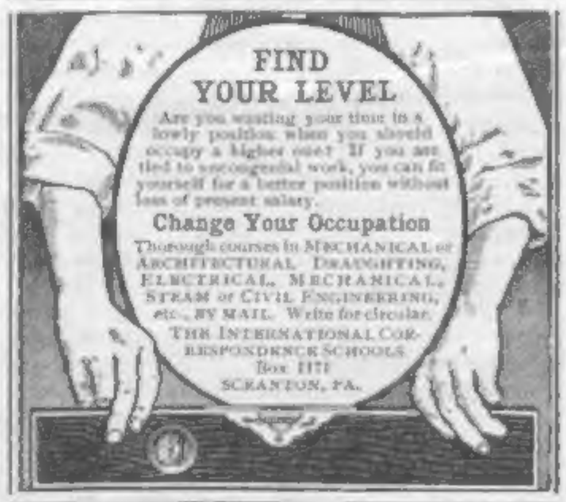
Celebrity Photo and Art Company
256 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Book-Keeping Shorthand
Taught Entirely BY MAIL

Success of our students in business is based on training in accuracy and thoroughness. Business methods taught are modern, practical—exactly what is required by progressive business houses.

Only your spare time needed to complete a course. Write for free descriptive book which is helpful to ambitious people. Fees moderate. Monthly payments if you desire.

NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE
19-30 Second National Bank Building, Washington, D. C.


FIND YOUR LEVEL
Are you wasting your time in a lowly position when you should occupy a higher one? If you are tied to uncongenial work, you can fit yourself for a better position without loss of present salary.
Change Your Occupation
Thorough courses in MECHANICAL or ARCHITECTURAL DRAUGHTING, ELECTRICAL, MECHANICAL, STEAM or CIVIL ENGINEERING, etc., BY MAIL. Write for circular.
THE INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 1171
SCRANTON, PA.

TEACH YOURSELF MUSIC
DURING LEISURE MOMENTS AT HOME
Piano, Organ, Guitar and Voice

Any one can learn all TUNES, NOTES, CHORDS, ACCOMPANIMENTS and the LAWS OF HARMONY in a short time. It is the CHEAPEST, EASIEST, most rapid and correct way on earth to learn music. Over 40,000 strongest kind of testimonials received. Goes to the bottom of music, makes it clear to the beginner; creates a fondness for music because you succeed from the start. A few days' practice and you play perfect ACCOMPANIMENTS IN ALL KEYS. CIRCULARS FREE. Write for them. Worth hundreds of dollars to any one interested in MUSIC. SAMPLE LESSONS, 10 CENTS.

U. S. RICE MUSIC CO., 8-241 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO

HOME STUDY

of BOOK-KEEPING SHORTHAND BUSINESS FORMS PENMANSHIP, etc.

with our **Private Lessons BY MAIL** open up to Young Men and Women **good paying positions.** We give just the training needed for **success in business.** No interference with work—only spare time required. The **cheapest** and **best method** of study. Highly indorsed, national reputation, established 45 years. We also teach **English, Civil Service** and other courses by mail. Trial lesson, 10c. A fine Catalogue free.

BRYANT & STRATTON, 155 College Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED, Men or Women, TO SELL

LIFE OF DWIGHT L. MOODY

Authorized Edition; only one approved by his family. Don't stop to consider. First in field will get the "cream." Write for outfit TO-DAY. Courteous treatment. Square dealing guaranteed.

SLAUSON PUBLISHING COMPANY, Chicago

U-GET $15 SECRET How to make "WALL PAPER CLEANER," to give to each lady you sell our UNEEDA DOOR MAT or Portable Bed Springs, etc., to. Credit given. Outfits free. Ordway & Co., 35 M St., Peoria, Ill.

be at least three times the same number of blades in the same space. You want a lot of little blades instead of a comparatively few big blades. The soil enrichers will certainly furnish the latter; sand will help to produce the former.

HOW TO GET GOOD GREENS

Examine closely some of the very best greens we have—for instance, those at Meadow Brook and Garden City, and the eighth at Westchester—and it will be found that they are all of the same family and owe their fine quality entirely to an underlying stratum of sand with a comparatively thin coating of an alluvial loam. The rich, succulent grass is lacking—the soil could not support it, but the great desideratum is present in the shape of a beautiful web of a fine silklike yet very strong and durable character of grass that makes the ideal green. This kind of grass—generally Rhode Island Bent, Red Top or Creasted Dog's Tail—makes a splendid root bed, and the blades differ from those usually met with on inland courses in that they seem to be deficient in moisture, being very much smaller and finer and more tenacious, consequently standing wear better.

PHOTO BY ROSETI, N. Y.

CHESTER GRISWOLD, JR.

It will be found that greens of this nature closely resemble the best on the other side, and the lesson to be derived is to approximate as closely as possible the soil conditions existent. This may be arrived at by covering the greens in winter of nine-tenths of ordinary inland courses with fine, white sea sand. The snows and rains of winter will leave very little trace, the sand being washed into and incorporated with the soil. During the early spring and fall a thin coating may also be applied, but this is not advisable in summer.

This sand treatment, with a liberal supply of some of the seeds mentioned, or others, will in time effect a wonderful transformation to coarse greens that may look beyond redemption, and will materially improve those which are now good, especially if accompanied by nightly watering during the summer. The application of sand, moreover, has a marked tendency to make it untenable for those nuisances—earth worms. Good greens go hand in hand with good golf.

WALTER J. TRAVIS.
Flushing, Long Island.

BETTER LAID-OUT COURSES, SAYS CHESTER GRISWOLD, JR.

The two following points could well stand improvement:

First: Better kept and better laid-out courses.

Second: An almost entire doing away with the too handsome prizes that are from time to time offered by the majority of our leading clubs.

Comparison of the British methods with ours will, I think, explain why the game has a higher standing there than here. One need only compare British links, beautifully kept by competent and civil greens-keepers and professionals, with the generally poor turf and the all too lax discipline maintained on nearly all of our own courses.

The first of my "needs" will thus prove itself, although it might be well to give an instance: At one prominent club the professional makes a practice of wearing knickerbockers and of addressing the club members as if in the performance of his duties he were bestowing a favor. On the other side of the Atlantic such conduct would cause his instant discharge as detrimental to the best interests of the club.

PRIZES SHOULD BE INEXPENSIVE

The second "need" requires but a word of explanation. Every one knows that when any sport reaches a point (I do not mean to say that we have reached such a point in golf, and I trust we never shall) when it is necessary to give prizes that are valuable in a money sense in order to induce a decent-sized field to enter, then that particular sport has degenerated into a mere "mug-hunters'" circuit and had better die out.

In order to obviate the slight tendency in this direction, as shown by the fact that there are a few men who never enter except for expensive prizes, I should like to see a number of our leading clubs agree to give only suitable medals of but slight money value as prizes. By this means the leaning toward a downhill path would be promptly checked, and golf would be maintained in its proper sphere as a gentleman's game, where it is not what you win but how you win that counts.

CHESTER GRISWOLD, JR.,
President Intercollegiate Golf Association.
New York City.

H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR THINKS MANY COURSES PUNISH GOOD PLAYING

The greatest need of golf in America at the present time is for better golf courses. I do not think there are more than four or five first-class courses in the United States—that is, courses that are up to championship form.

A great many courses would be vastly improved by a change in the length of holes and a rearrangement of the bunkers. Holes should be of three kinds, viz.: those where the green can be reached by a drive or iron shot; second, those where the green can be reached by drive and iron shot; third, those requiring a drive and brassy and an iron shot. Many courses in this country have many holes ranging in length from 200 to 250 yards. This length of hole seems to me wrong—that is, it is too long to reach the green with a drive, and yet if the drive is missed the green can be reached on the second shot without punishment. I have also seen courses where the bunkers were so badly placed as to reward poor playing and punish good playing.

PHOTO BY ATTEBERY, CHICAGO

H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

I think the game has developed so far in this country that courses should be laid out for first-class players alone, and not for second and third class players.

H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.
Chicago, Illinois.

The American Soldier in the Philippines

A notable article—at once an appreciation and a vivid, stirring picture of our boys in the field—has been written exclusively for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, by

Senator Albert J. Beveridge

Senator Beveridge writes as forcefully and as brilliantly as he speaks. He has the rare faculty of striking through externals and grasping the thing of vital and human interest.

This great article, the first and only one that Senator Beveridge has written for any magazine or periodical since his return from the Philippines, appears exclusively in the

March 17th number of

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D¹ 1728 by Benjamin Franklin

For One Dollar it will be sent every week for five months—or for $2.00 every week for a year. This is our special rate to all The Ladies' Home Journal readers. Newsdealers all have it. Try a copy.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

The NEVER SLIPS or TEARS Velvet Grip NO STITCHING IN THE ELASTIC

This Yellow Coupon is on every pair.

GUARANTY COUPON
THE Velvet Grip CUSHION BUTTON HOSE SUPPORTER
is guaranteed to the dealer and user against imperfections. Look for the Name on every loop.

HOSE CUSHION BUTTON SUPPORTER

Sample pair, by mail, 50c. Catalogue free.

LOOK FOR THE NAME ON EVERY LOOP.

GEORGE FROST CO., Makers, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

WHAT to READ

A Sheaf of Recent Verse*

IN ECHOES OF GREEK IDYLS Mr. Lloyd Mifflin gives us further proof of his ability to handle the sonnet as can very few contemporary verse-writers—an accomplishment fully shown in his two previous volumes. He also furnishes the large class made up of those who wish their classic literature filtered through the medium of the mother tongue some exceedingly graceful, happy renderings of three representative Greek idyllic singers—Bion, Moschus and the less known Bacchylides, the contemporary rival of Pindar in the ode, whose work only survives in fragments.

Mr. Mifflin, in pouring his translations of these old-world poets into the sonnet mould, does a somewhat unconventional, even daring, thing—for we are most familiar with versions which use more varied measures, this being true in especial of the ode, whose enthusiastic, rapid movement seems hardly caught within the placid confines of the Italian form. Indeed, a charge of monotony may, I think, be fairly brought against this too exclusive use of the sonnet for the purposes of translation. But certainly the result, looking to particular poems, is delightful. Take the favorite Moschus elegy, The Lament for Bion, for example: for plaintive melody and successful picture-making it is beautiful, and the work as a whole is sure to gain attention for its art, its ideality, and the interest it awakens as a new experiment in *form*.

Mrs. Moulton's Lyrics†

MRS. MOULTON'S pleasant lyric touch has become familiar in several volumes of verse, and another, embodying her *more recent* poems, will be welcomed. For the present book At the Wind's Will is the felicitous title, suggested by a line from Rossetti, whose influence, as well as that of the blind poet, Philip Bourke Marston, is perceptible in the Boston singer's work. To the latter, especially, she has stood in close relations of devoted friendship, and has edited his song for American readers.

The contents are made up of lyrics, sonnets and translations. The former deal for the most part with the bitter-sweet of love or the quieter harmonies of friendships. Nature, too, is charmingly reflected and often used allegorically, rich summer and bleak midwinter expressing the heyday and wane of humanity's master passion. Many of the poems are in sonnet form—in the manipulation of which Mrs. Moulton has long been skilled—and some of the very best things are found in this division. The renderings of French Rondels and Rondeaux are well done and enjoyable, this being particularly true of that exquisite bit, La Vie, which will be recalled by readers of Trilby.

Mrs. Moulton's note is sweet with a certain sadness which, delicate and unobtrusive, rather adds to the effect. Though there is neither strong individuality of expression nor great thought range, yet the quality of her verse is genuine, since it has tunefulness and sincerity.

A Poet's Holiday*

THE good of a holiday, not only for the one enjoying it, but (in the case of a poet) for the world as well, is illustrated in Mr. Bliss Carman's latest volume of verse, A Winter's Holiday—a tiny book which stands for "infinite riches in a little room." Mr. Carman has made the Bahaman trip of late, and of the seven poems making up the collection, five directly reflect this warm, many-colored experience. The two other pieces, December in Scituate and Winter at Tortoise Shell, depict in sharp contrast yet with equal charm New England winter scenes indoors and out. They show that this poet's remarkable gift for nature-description is as much in evidence when dealing with winter's monochromes as when moved by all the vibrancy and bloom of the full summer tide. The human element, too, the quiet touch of fun, are in these Northern pieces to vitalize the picture.

But perhaps the full Carman quality comes out best in the poems chanting his mid-sea life, his joy of the Bahaman approach; his joy again in White Nassau, with its quaint, clean streets, its picturesque peddlers and gay-plumaged birds. He fairly revels in this world of color, light, fragrance and song: and all through the descriptions is that subtle imagination and lure of music which, at their best, stamp Carman as to the manner born and set him quite apart from his song-fellows. There is an unextinguishable idealism in all his work; the loveliness of it is not coarsely appealing; there is no blatant drawing of attention. But the elements of high poetry are always there. As an example of the way external objects are used imaginatively, take the stanza beginning

> "Never yet was painter, poet
> Born content with things that are,"

and read on for two pages. The beautiful dreams that make men more than brutes have seldom been expressed with more truth and tenderness. Take the wonderfully poetic sketching of the flying fishes,

> "Fragile people of the sea
> Whom their heart's great aspiration for a moment had set free,"

for another representative passage. And read In Bay Street to see how Mr. Carman characteristically lifts a homely human theme by the idealistic touch.

Small as the book is, it contains some of the maturest and best work Mr. Carman has printed. No lovelier, truer, more distinctive verse is being written in our day than that embodied in the successive volumes of this Canadian singer. —*Richard Burton.*

A Warm Day in Winter

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

"SUNSHINE on de medders,
Greenness on de way;
Dat's de blessed reason
I sing all de day."
Look hyeah! whut you axin'?
Whut meks me so merry?
'Spect to see me sighin'
W'en hit's wa'm in Febawary?

'Long de stake an' rider
Seen a robin set;
W'y hit 'mence a-thawin',
Groun' is monst'ous wet.
Den you stan' dah wond'rin',
Lookin' skeert an' stary;
I's a right to caper
W'en hit's wa'm in Febawary.

Missis goes a-drivin',
Mastah gone to shoot;
Ev'ry da'ky laxin'
In de sun to boot.
Qua'tahs moughty pleasant,
Hangin' 'roun' my Mary;
Cou'tin' boun' to prospah
W'en hit's wa'm in Febawary.

Cidah look so pu'ty
Po'in' f'om de jug—
Don' you see it's happy?
Hyeah its laffin'—glug?
Now's de time fu' people
Fu' to try an' bury
All dey grief an' sorrer,
W'en hit's wa'm in Febawary.

---

*Echoes of Greek Idyls. By Lloyd Mifflin. *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

†At the Wind's Will: Lyrics and Sonnets. By Louise Chandler Moulton. *Little, Brown & Co.*

*A Winter's Holiday. By Bliss Carman. *Small, Maynard & Co., Incorporated.*

We have no agents or branch stores. All orders should be sent direct to us

New Spring Suits, $5

SENT FREE—
Our Catalogue and Samples upon request

Our Spring Catalogue

of Tailor-Made Suits and Skirts is now ready. We picture in it all of the newest styles, and will mail it *free*, together with samples of the materials, to the lady who wishes to dress well at moderate cost. No ready-made garments, but everything made to order; we show you exclusive things that cannot be found elsewhere.

Our new Spring Catalogue illustrates:

Tailor-Made Suits, $5 up
New Skirts in the latest Paris cut, $4 up
Wash Suits, $4 up. Wash Skirts, $3 up
Rainy-Day Suits and Skirts made of double-face materials
Bicycle Suits and Skirts, Jackets, Riding Habits, Golf Suits and Skirts

We also make finer garments and send samples of all grades

We Pay Express Charges Everywhere. If, when writing, you will mention any particular kind or color of samples that you prefer, we shall be glad to send you an assortment of the kind you wish. Write to-day for Catalogue and samples—we will send them to you *free* by return mail.

THE NATIONAL CLOAK COMPANY, 123 W. 23d Street, New York

Goodform Closet Sets

Keep clothes shapely, closets orderly and take only half the room you now use for the same garments. Money back if you want it.

MEN'S SETS—$3.00 each, express paid—12 garment yokes, 6 trousers hangers, 2 shelf bars, 1 loop.

WOMEN'S SETS—same price. Two sets one shipment, $5.50.

If your dealer hasn't them, remit to us. Booklet free.

SELLING AGENTS

Boston—R. H. White & Co.
Hartford—Brown, Thomson & Co.
Providence—Callender McAuslan & Troup Co.
Brooklyn—Frederick Loeser & Co.
Buffalo—Wm. Hengerer Co.
Washington, D.C.—E. H. Morsell.
Pittsburg—James Phelan.
Detroit—Hunter & Hopper.
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co. Browning, King & Co.
Omaha—Hayden Bros.
New Orleans—A. Shwartz & Son.
Denver—Daniels & Fisher.
San Francisco—Palace Hardware Co.
Los Angeles—The Hub.
Butte, Mont.—D. J. Hennessy Mer. Co.

Chicago Form Co., 96-125 La Salle Street, Chicago, U. S. A.

SPECIALLY ILLUSTRATED

NORTHERN PACIFIC
YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE

New from Cover to Cover

Wonderland 1900

IS READY.

ITS PRINCIPAL CHAPTER REVIEWS

Lewis and Clark's Great Exploration

Of nearly 100 years ago.

THE STORY OF THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE

Northern Pacific Railway is told.

A NEW DESCRIPTION OF

Yellowstone Park is given.

A Tale of Two Wayside Inns in the West and a Chapter on Alaska,

Complete its more than 100 Pages of Text.

CHAS. S. FEE, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Paul, Minn., will send the book for Six Cents in stamps